

FRONTISPIECE.

Vol. II.



Dodd del

The Escape of Sophia's Bird.

Published as the Act directs, 23 July 1780.

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THE
HISTORY
OF
TOM JONES,
A
FOUNDLING.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esquire.

—*Mores hominum multorum vidit*—

VOL. II.

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THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

[Continuation of BOOK III.]

CHAP. VI.

*Containing a better reason still for the before mentioned
opinions.*

IT is to be known then, that those two learned personages, who have lately made a considerable figure on the theatre of this history, had from their first arrival at Mr. Allworthy's house, taken so great an affection, the one to his virtue, the other to his religion, that they had meditated the closest alliance with him.

For this purpose they had cast their eyes on that fair widow, whom, though we have not for some time made any mention of her, the reader, we trust hath not forgot. Mrs. Blifil was indeed the object to which they both aspired.

It may seem remarkable, that of four persons whom we have commemorated at Mr Allworthy's house, three of them should fix their inclinations on a lady who was never greatly celebrated for her beauty, and who was, moreover, now a little descended into the vale of years; but in reality bosom-friends, and intimate acquaintance, have a kind of natural propensity to particular females at the house of a friend, viz. to his grandmother, mother, sister, daughter, aunt, niece, and cousin, when they are rich: and to his wife, sister, daughter, niece, cousin, mistress, or servant maid, if they should be handsome.

We would not, however, have our reader imagine, that persons of such characters as were supported by Thwackum and Square, would undertake a matter of this kind, which hath been a little censured by some rigid moralists, before they had thoroughly examined it, and considered whether it was (as Shakespeare phrases it) 'Stuff o' the conscience,' or no. Thwackum was encouraged to the undertaking, by reflecting, that to covet your neighbour's sister is no where forbidden; and he knew it was a rule in the construction of all laws, that '*Expressum facit cessare tacitum.*' The sense of which is, 'When a law-giver sets down plainly his whole meaning, we are prevented from making him mean what we please ourselves.' As some instances of women, therefore, are mentioned in the divine law, which forbids us to covet our neighbour's goods, and that of a sister omitted, he concluded it to be lawful. And as to Square, who was in his person what is called a jolly fellow, or a widow's man, he easily reconciled his choice to the eternal fitness of things.

Now, as both these gentlemen were industrious in taking every opportunity of recommending themselves to the widow, they apprehended one certain method was, by giving her son the constant preference to the other lad; and as they conceived the kindness

kindness and affection which Mr. Allworthy shewed the latter, must be highly disagreeable to her, they doubted not but the laying hold on all occasions to degrade and vilify him would be highly pleasing to her; who, as she hated the boy, must love all those who did him any hurt. In this Thwackum had the advantage; for while Square could only scarify the poor lad's reputation, he could flea his skin; and, indeed, he considered every lash he gave him as a compliment paid to his mistress; so that he could with the utmost propriety, repeat this old flogging line, '*Castigo te non quod odio habeam, sed quod amem*;' 'I chastise thee not out of hatred, but out of love.' And this, indeed, he had often in his mouth, or rather, according to the old phrase, never more properly applied, at his finger's ends.

For this reason principally, the two gentlemen concurred, as we have seen above, in their opinion concerning the two lads; this being, indeed, almost the only instance of their concurring on any point: for, besides the difference of their principles, they had both long ago strongly suspected each other's design, and hated each other with no little degree of inveteracy.

This mutual animosity was a good deal encreased by their alternate successes: for Mrs. Blifil knew what they would be at long before they imagined it; or indeed intended she should: for they proceeded with great caution, lest she should be offended, and acquaint Mr. Allworthy. But they had no reason for any such fear; she was well enough pleased with a passion of which she intended none should have any fruits but herself. And the only fruits she designed for herself, were flattery and courtship; for which purpose, she soothed them by turns, and a long time equally. She was, indeed, rather inclined to favour the parson's principles; but Square's person was more agreeable to her eye, for he was a comely man; whereas the pedagogue did in counte-

nance very nearly resemble that gentleman, who, in the harlot's progress, is seen correcting the ladies in Bridewell.

Whether Mrs. Blifil had been surfeited with the sweets of marriage, or disgusted by its bitters, or from what other cause it proceeded, I will not determine; but she could never be brought to listen to any second proposals. However, she at last conversed with Square with such a degree of intimacy, that malicious tongues began to whisper things of her, to which, as well for the sake of the lady, as that they were highly disagreeable to the rule of right, and the fitness of things, we will give no credit, and therefore shall not blot our paper with them. The pedagogue, 'tis certain, whipped on, without getting a step nearer to his journey's end.

Indeed, he had committed a great error, and that Square discovered much sooner than himself. Mrs. Blifil (as, perhaps, the reader may have formerly guessed) was not over and above pleased with the behaviour of her husband; nay, to be honest, she absolutely hated him; till his death, at last, a little reconciled him to her affections. It will not be therefore greatly wondered at, if she had not the most violent regard to the offspring she had by him. And, in fact, she had so little of this regard, that in his infancy she seldom saw her son, or took any notice of him; and hence she acquiesced, after a little reluctance, in all the favours which Mr. Allworthy showered on the foundling; whom the good man called his own boy, and in all things put on an entire equality with Master Blifil. The acquiescence in Mrs. Blifil was considered by the neighbours, and by the family, as a mark of her condescension to her brother's humour, and she was imagined by all others, as well as Thwackum and Square, to hate the foundling in her heart; nay, the more civility she shewed him, the more they conceived she detested him, and the surer schemes she was laying for his ruin: for as they

they thought it her interest to hate him, it was very difficult for her to persuade them she did not.

Thwackum was the more confirmed in his opinion, as she had more than once sily caused him to whip Tom Jones, when Mr. Allworthy, who was an enemy of this exercise, was abroad; whereas she had never given any such orders concerning young Blifil. And this had likewise imposed upon Square. In reality, though she certainly hated her own son, of which, however monstrous it appears, I am assured she is not a singular instance, she appeared, notwithstanding all her outward compliance, to be in her heart sufficiently displeased with all the favour shewn by Mr. Allworthy to the foundling. She frequently complained of this behind her brother's back, and very sharply censured him for it, both to Thwackum and Square; nay, she would throw it in the teeth of Allworthy himself, when a little quarrel, or mist, as it is vulgarly called, arose between them.

However, when Tom grew up, and gave tokens of that gallantry of temper which greatly recommends men to women, this disinclination which she had discovered to him when a child, by degrees abated; and at last she so evidently demonstrated her affection to him to be much stronger than what she bore her own son, that it was impossible to mistake her any longer. She was so desirous of often seeing him, and discovered such satisfaction and delight in his company, that before he was eighteen years old, he was become a rival to both Square and Thwackum; and what is worse, the whole country began to talk as loudly of her inclination to Tom, as they had before done of that which she had shewn to Square; on which account the philosopher conceived the most implacable hatred for our poor hero.

C H A P. VII.

In which the author himself makes his appearance on the stage.

THOUGH Mr. Allworthy was not of himself hasty to see things in a disadvantageous light, and was a stranger to the public voice, which seldom reaches to a brother or a husband, though it rings in the ears of all the neighbourhood; yet was this affection of Mrs. Blifil to Tom, and the preference which she too visibly gave him to her own Son, of the utmost disadvantage to that youth.

For such was the compassion which inhabited Mr. Allworthy's mind, that nothing but the steel of justice could ever subdue it. To be unfortunate in any respect was sufficient, if there was no demerit to counterpoise it, to turn the scale of that good man's pity, and to engage his friendship and his beneficence.

When therefore he plainly saw Master Blifil was absolutely detested; (for that he was) by his own mother, he began, on that account only, to look with an eye of compassion upon him; and what the effects of compassion are in good and benevolent minds, I need not here explain to most of my readers.

Henceforward, he saw every appearance of virtue in the youth through the magnifying end, and viewed all his faults with the glass inverted, so that they became scarce perceptible. And this perhaps the amiable temper of pity may make commendable; but the next step the weakness of human nature alone must excuse: for he no sooner perceived that preference which Mrs. Blifil gave to Tom, than that poor youth (however innocent) began to sink in his affections as he rose in hers. This, it is true, would of
 himself

itself alone never have been able to eradicate Jones from his bosom; but it was greatly injurious to him, and prepared Mr. Allworthy's mind for those impressions, which afterwards produced the mighty events that will be contained hereafter in this history; and to which, it must be confessed, the unfortunate lad, by his own wantonness, wildness, and want of caution, too much contributed.

In recording some instances of these, we shall, if rightly understood, afford a very useful lesson to those well-disposed youths, who shall hereafter be our readers: For they may here find that goodness of heart, and openness of temper, though these may give them great comfort within, and administer to an honest pride in their own minds, will by no means, alas! do their business in the world. Prudence and circumspection are necessary even to the best of men. They are indeed, as it were, a guard to virtue, without which she can never be safe. It is not enough, that your designs, nay that your actions are intrinsically good; you must take care they shall appear so. If your inside be never so beautiful, you must preserve a fair outside also. This must be constantly looked to, or malice and envy will take care to blacken it so, that the sagacity and goodness of an Allworthy will not be able to see through it, and to discern the beauties within. Let this, my young readers, be your constant maxim, that no man can be good enough to enable him to neglect the rules of Prudence; nor will Virtue herself look beautiful, unless she be bedecked with the outward ornaments of decency and decorum. And this precept, my worthy disciples, if you read with due attention, you will, I hope, find sufficiently enforced by examples in the following pages.

I ask pardon for this short appearance, by way of chorus on the stage. It is in reality for my own sake, that while I am discovering the rocks on which innocence and goodness often split, I may

not be misunderstood to recommend the very means to my worthy readers, by which I intend to shew them they will be undone. And this, as I could not prevail on any of my actors to speak, I was obliged to declare myself.

CHAP. VIII.

A childish incident, in which, however is seen a goodnatured disposition in Tom Jones..

THE reader may remember, that Mr. Allworthy gave Tom Jones a little horse, as a kind of smart-money for the punishment, which he imagined he had suffered innocently.

This horse Tom kept above half a year, and then rode him to a neighbouring fair, and sold him

At his return, being questioned by Thwackum, what he had done with the money for which the horse was sold, he frankly declared he would not tell him.

‘O ho!’ says Thwackum, ‘you will not! then I will have it out of your br—h;’ that being the place to which he always applied for information, on every doubtful occasion.

Tom was now mounted on the back of a footman, and every thing prepared for execution, when Mr. Allworthy entering the room, gave the criminal a reprieve, and took him with him into another apartment; where being alone with Tom, he put the same question to him which Thwackum had before asked him.

Tom answered, He could in duty refuse him nothing; but as for that tyrannical rascal, he would never make him any other answer than with a cudgel, with which he hoped soon to be able to pay him for all his barbarities.

Mr. Allworthy very severely reprimanded the lad
for

for his indecent and disrespectful expressions concerning his master; but much more for his avowing an intention of revenge. He threatened him with the entire loss of his favour, if ever he heard such another word from his mouth; for he said he would never support or befriend a reprobate. By these and the like declarations, he extorted some compunction from Tom, in which that youth was not over sincere: for he really meditated some return for all the smarting favours he had received at the hands of the pedagogue. He was however brought by Mr. Allworthy to express a concern for his resentment against Thwackum; and then the good man, after some wholesome admonition, permitted him to proceed, which he did, as follows:

‘Indeed, my dear sir, I love and honour you more than all the world: I know the great obligations I have to you, and should detest myself, if I thought my heart was capable of ingratitude. Could the little horse you gave me speak, I am sure he could tell you how fond I was of your present: for I had more pleasure in feeding him, than in riding him. Indeed, Sir, it went to my heart to part with him; nor would I have sold him upon any other account in the world than what I did. You yourself, Sir, I am convinced, in my case, would have done the same: for none ever so sensibly felt the misfortunes of others. What would you feel, dear Sir, if you thought yourself the occasion of them?—Indeed, Sir, there never was any misery like theirs.’—‘Like whose, child?’ says Allworthy: ‘What do you mean?’ ‘Oh, Sir,’ answered Tom, ‘your poor game-keeper, with all his large family, ever since your discarding him, have been perishing with all the miseries of cold and hunger. I could not bear to see these poor wretches naked and starving, and at the same time know myself to have been the occasion of all their sufferings.—I could not bear it, Sir; upon my soul, I could not.’

[Here

[Here the tears ran down his cheeks, and he thus proceeded :] ‘ It was to save them from absolute destruction, I parted with your dear present, notwithstanding all the value I had for it.—I sold the horse for them, and they have every farthing of the money.’

Mr. Allworthy now stood silent for some moments, and before he spoke, the tears started from his eyes. He at length dismissed Tom with a gentle rebuke, advising him for the future to apply to him in cases of distress, rather than to use extraordinary means of relieving them himself.

This affair was afterwards the subject of much debate between Thwackum and Square. Thwackum held, that this was flying in Mr. Allworthy's face, who had intended to punish the fellow for his disobedience. He said, in some instances, what the world called Charity appeared to him to be opposing the will of the Almighty, which had marked some particular persons for destruction; and that this was in like manner acting in opposition to Mr. Allworthy; concluding as usual with a hearty recommendation of birch.

Square argued strongly on the other side, in opposition perhaps to Thwackum, or in compliance with Mr. Allworthy, who seemed very much to approve what Jones had done. As to what he urged on this occasion, as I am convinced most of my readers will be much abler advocates for poor Jones, it would be impertinent to relate it. Indeed it was not difficult to reconcile to the *rule of right*, an action which it would have been impossible to deduce from the *rule of wrong*.

C H A P. IX.

Containing an incident of a more heinous kind, with the comments of Thwackum and Square.

IT hath been observed by some men of much greater reputation for wisdom than myself, that misfortunes seldom come single. An instance of this may, I believe, be seen in those gentlemen who have the misfortune to have any of their rogueries detected: for here discovery seldom stops till the whole is come out. Thus it happened to poor Tom; who was no sooner pardoned for selling the horse, than he was discovered to have some time before sold a fine Bible which Mr. Allworthy gave him, the money arising from which sale he had disposed of in the same manner. This Bible Master Blifil had purchased, though he had already such another of his own, partly out of respect for the book, and partly out of friendship to Tom, being unwilling that the Bible should be sold out of the family at half price. He therefore disbursed the said half price himself; for he was a very prudent lad, and so careful of his money, that he had laid up almost every penny which he had received from Mr. Allworthy.

Some people have been noted to be able to read in no book but their own. On the contrary, from the time when Master Blifil was first possessed of this Bible, he never used any other. Nay, he was seen reading in it much oftner than he had before been in his own. Now, as he frequently asked Thwackum to explain difficult passages to him, that gentleman unfortunately took notice of Tom's name, which was written in many parts of the book. This brought on an enquiry, which obliged Master Blifil to discover the whole matter.

Thwackum was resolved a crime of this kind, which

which he called sacrilege, should not go unpunished. He therefore proceeded immediately to castigation; and not contented with that, he acquainted Mr. Allworthy, at their next meeting, with this monstrous crime, as it appeared to him; inveighing against Tom in the most bitter terms, and likening him to the buyers and sellers who were driven out of the temple.

Square saw this matter in a very different light. He said, he could not perceive any higher crime in selling one book than in selling another; that to sell Bibles was strictly lawful by all laws both divine and human, and consequently there was no unfitness in it. He told Thwackum, that his great concern on this occasion brought to his mind the story of a very devout woman, who, out of pure regard to religion, stole Tillotson's sermons from a lady of her acquaintance.

This Story caused a vast quantity of blood to rush into the parson's face, which of itself was none of the palest; and he was going to reply with great warmth and anger, had not Mrs. Blifil, who was present at this debate, interposed. That lady declared herself absolutely of Mr. Square's side. She argued, indeed, very learnedly in support of his opinion; and concluded with saying, if Tom had been guilty of any fault, she must confess her own son appeared to be equally culpable; for that she could see no difference between the buyer and the seller; both of were alike to be driven out of the temple.

Mrs. Blifil having declared her opinion, put an end to the debate. Square's triumph would almost have stopt his words, had he needed them; and Thwackum, besides that, for reasons before mentioned, he durst not venture at disobliging the lady, was almost choaked with indignation. As to Mr. Allworthy, he said, since the boy had been already punished, he would not deliver his sentiments on the occasion; and whether

whether he was or was not angry with the lad, I must leave to the reader's own conjecture.

Soon after this, an action was brought against the game-keeper by Squire Western (the gentleman in whose manor the partridge was killed) for depredations of the like kind. This was a most unfortunate circumstance for the fellow, as it not only of itself threatened his ruin, but actually prevented Mr. Allworthy from restoring him to his favour: for as that gentleman was walking out one evening with Master Blifil and young Jones, the latter slyly drew him to the habitation of Black George; where the family of that poor wretch, namely, his wife and children, were found in all the misery with which cold, hunger, and nakedness, can affect human creatures: for as to the money they had received from Jones, former debts had consumed almost the whole.

Such a scene as this could not fail of affecting the heart of Mr. Allworthy. He immediately gave the mother a couple of guineas, with which he bid her clothe her children. The poor woman burst into tears at this goodness, and while she was thanking him, could not refrain from expressing her gratitude to Tom; who had, she said, long preserved both her and hers from starving. 'We have not,' says she, 'had a morsel to eat, nor have these poor children had a rag to put on, but what his goodness hath bestowed on us.' For indeed, besides the horse and the bible, Tom had sacrificed a night-gown and other things to the use of this distressed family.

On their return home, Tom made use of all his eloquence to display the wretchedness of these people, and the penitence of Black George himself; and in this he succeeded so well, that Mr. Allworthy said, he thought the man had suffered enough for what was past; that he would forgive him, and think of some means of providing for him and his family.

Jones was so delighted with the news, that though it was dark when they returned home, he could not help

help going back a mile, in a shower of rain, to acquaint the poor woman with the glad tidings; but, like other hasty divulgers of news, he only brought on himself the trouble of contradicting it: for the ill-fortune of Black George made use of the very opportunity of his friend's absence to overturn all again.

CHAP. X.

In which Master Blifil and Jones appear in different lights.

MASTER Blifil fell very short of his companion in the amiable quality of mercy; but he as greatly exceeded him in one of a much higher kind, namely, in justice: in which he followed both the precepts and example of Thwackum and Square; for though they would both make frequent use of the word *mercy*, yet it was plain, that in reality Square held it to be inconsistent with the rule of right; and Thwackum was for doing justice, and leaving mercy to heaven. The two gentlemen did indeed somewhat differ in opinion concerning the objects of this sublime virtue; by which Thwackum would probably have destroyed one half of mankind, and Square the other half.

Master Blifil then, though he had kept silence in the presence of Jones, yet when he had better considered the matter, could by no means endure the thought of suffering his uncle to confer favours on the undeserving. He therefore resolved immediately to acquaint him with the fact which we have above slightly hinted to the readers. The truth of which was as follows:

The game-keeper, about a year after he was dismissed from Mr. Allworthy's service, and before Tom's selling the horse, being in want of bread,
either

either to fill his own mouth, or those of his family, as he passed through a field belonging to Mr. Western, espied a hare sitting in her form. This hare he had basely and barbarously knocked on the head, against the laws of the land, and no less against the laws of sportsmen.

The higher to whom the hare was sold, being unfortunately taken many months after with a quantity of game upon him, was obliged to make his peace with the squire, by becoming evidence against some poacher. And now Black George was pitched upon by him, as being a person already obnoxious to Mr. Western, and one of no good fame in the country. He was, besides, the best sacrifice the higher could make, as he had supplied him with no game since; and by this means the witness had an opportunity of screening his better customers: for the squire, being charmed with the power of punishing Black George, whom a single transgression was sufficient to ruin, made no further enquiry.

Had this fact been truly laid before Mr. Allworthy, it might probably have done the game-keeper very little mischief. But there is no zeal blinder than that which is inspired with the love of justice against offenders. Master Blifil had forgot the distance of the time. He varied likewise in the manner of the fact; and, by the hasty addition of the single letter S, he considerably altered the story; for he said that George had wired hares. These alterations might probably have been set right, had not Master Blifil unluckily insisted on a promise of secrecy from Mr. Allworthy, before he revealed the matter to him; but by that means, the poor game-keeper was condemned, without having any opportunity to defend himself: for as the fact of killing the hare, and of the action brought, were certainly true, Mr. Allworthy had no doubt concerning the rest.

Short-lived then was the joy of these poor people; for Mr. Allworthy the next morning declared he had
fresh

fresh reason, without assigning it, for his anger, and strictly forbade Tom to mention George any more; though as for his family, he said, he would endeavour to keep them from starving: but as to the fellow himself, he would leave him to the laws, which nothing could keep him from breaking.

Tom could by no means divine what had incensed Mr. Allworthy: for of Mr. Blifl he had not the least suspicion. However, as his friendship was to be tired out by no disappointments, he now determined to try another method of preserving the poor game-keeper from ruin.

Jones was lately grown very intimate with Mr. Western. He had so greatly recommended himself to that gentleman, by leaping over five-barred gates, and by other acts of sportsmanship, that the squire had declared Tom would certainly make a great man, if he had but sufficient encouragement. He often wished he had himself a son with such parts; and one day very solemnly asserted at a drinking-bout, that Tom should hunt a pack of hounds, for a thousand pounds of his money, with any huntsman in the whole country.

By such kind of talents, he had so ingratiated himself with the squire, that he was a most welcome guest at his table, and a favourite companion in his sport; every thing which the squire held most dear, to wit, his guns, dogs, and horses, were now as much at the command of Jones, as if they had been his own. He resolved therefore to make use of this favour on behalf of his friend Black George, whom he hoped to introduce into Mr. Western's family, in the same capacity in which he had before served Mr. Allworthy.

The reader, if he considers that this fellow was already obnoxious to Mr. Western, and if he considers farther the weighty business by which that gentleman's displeasure had been incurred, will perhaps condemn this as a foolish and desperate undertaking; but if he should

should not totally condemn young Jones on that account, he will greatly applaud him for strengthening himself with all imaginable interest on so arduous an occasion.

For this purpose then Tom applied to Mr. Western's daughter, a young lady about seventeen years of age, whom her father, next after those necessary implements of sport just before mentioned, loved and esteemed above all the world. Now, as she had some influence on the squire, so Tom had some little influence on her. But this being the intended heroine of this work, a lady with whom we ourselves are greatly in love, and with whom many of our readers will probably be in love too before we part, it is by no means proper she should make her appearance at the end of a book.

BOOK

BOOK IV.

Containing the time of a year.

CHAP. I.

Containing five pages of paper.

AS truth distinguishes our writings from those idle romances which are filled with monsters, the productions, not of Nature, but of distempered brains; and which have been therefore recommended by an eminent critic to the sole use of the pastry cook: so, on the other hand, we would avoid any resemblance to that kind of history which a celebrated poet seems to think is no less calculated for the emolument of the brewer, as the reading it should be always attended with a tankard of good ale.

While—History with her comrade Ale,
Soothes the sad series of her serious tale.

For as this is the liquor of modern historians, nay perhaps their muse. if we may believe the opinion of Butler, who attributes inspiration to ale, it ought likewise to be the potation of their readers; since every book ought to be read with the same spirit, and in the same manner, as it is writ. Thus the famous author of Hurlothrumbo told a learned bishop, that the reason his lordship could not taste the excellency of his piece, was, that he did not read it with a fiddle in his hand; which instrument he himself had always had in his own, when he composed it.

That

That our work, therefore, might be in no danger of being likened to the labours of these historians, we have taken every occasion of interspersing through the whole sundry similies, descriptions, and other kind of poetical embellishments. These are indeed designed to supply the place of the said ale, and to refresh the mind, whenever those slumbers, which in a long work are apt to invade the reader, as well as the writer, shall begin to creep upon him. Without interruptions of this kind, the best narrative of plain matter of fact must overpower every reader; for nothing but the everlasting watchfulness, which Homer hath ascribed to Jove himself, can be proof against a news paper of many volumes.

We shall leave to the reader to determine with what judgment we have chosen the several occasions for inserting these ornamental parts of our work. Surely it will be allowed that none could be more proper than the present; where we are about to introduce a considerable character on the scene; no less, indeed, than the heroine of this heroic, historical, prosaic poem. Here, therefore, we have thought proper to prepare the mind of the reader for her reception, by filling it with every pleasing image, which we can draw from the face of nature. And for this method we plead many precedents. First, this is an art well known to, and much practised by, our tragic poets; who seldom fail to prepare their audience for the reception of their principal characters.

Thus the hero is always introduced with a flourish of drums and trumpets, in order to rouse a martial spirit in the audience, and to accommodate their ears to bombast and fustian, which Mr. Locke's blind man would not have grossly erred in likening to the sound of a trumpet. Again, when lovers are coming forth, soft music often conducts them on the stage, either to sooth the audience with all the softness of the tender passion, or to lull and prepare them
for

for that gentle slumber in which they will most probably be composed by the ensuing scene.

And not only the poets, but the masters of these poets, the managers of playhouses, seem to be in this secret; for, besides the afore said kettle-drums, &c. which denote the hero's approach, he is generally ushered on the stage by a large troop of half a dozen scene-shifters; and how necessary these are imagined to his appearance, may be concluded from the following theatrical story.

King Pyrrhus was at dinner at an alehouse bordering on the theatre, when he was summoned to go on the stage. The hero, being unwilling to quit his shoulder of mutton, and as unwilling to draw on himself the indignation of Mr. Wilks, (his brother manager) for making the audience wait, had bribed these his harbingers to be out of the way. While Mr. Wilks, therefore, was thundering out, 'Where are the carpenters to walk on before king Pyrrhus?' that monarch very quietly eat his mutton, and the audience, however impatient, were obliged to entertain themselves with music in his absence.

To be plain, I much question whether the politician, who hath generally a good nose, hath not scented out somewhat of the utility of this practice. I am convinced, that awful magistrate my Lord Mayor contracts a good deal of that reverence which attends him through the year, by the several pageants which precede his pomp. Nay, I must confess, that even I myself, who am not remarkably liable to be captivated with show, have yielded not a little to the impressions of much preceding state. When I have seen a man strutting in a procession after others whose business was only to walk before him, I have conceived a higher notion of his dignity, than I have felt on seeing him in a common situation. But there is one instance which comes exactly up to my purpose. This is the custom of sending on a basket-

woman,

woman, who is to precede the pomp, at a coronation, and to strew the stage with flowers, before the great personages begin their procession. The ancients would certainly have invoked the goddess Flora for this purpose, and it would have been no difficulty for their priests or politicians to have persuaded the people of the real presence of the Deity, though a plain mortal had personated her, and performed her office. But we have no such design of imposing on our reader; and therefore those who object to the heathen theology, may, if they please, change our goddess into the above-mentioned basket-woman. Our intention, in short, is to introduce our heroine with the utmost solemnity in our power, with an elevation of stile, and all other circumstances proper to raise the veneration of our reader. Indeed we would, for certain causes, advise those of our male readers who have any hearts, to read no farther, were we not well assured, that how amiable soever the picture of our heroine will appear, as it is really a copy from nature, many of our fair country-women will be found worthy to satisfy any passion, and to answer any idea of female perfection, which our pencil will be able to raise.

And now, without any further preface, we proceed to our next chapter.

C H A P. II.

A short hint of what we can do in the sublime, and a description of Miss Sophia Western.

Hushed be every ruder breath. May the heathen ruler of the winds confine in iron chains the boisterous limbs of noisy Boreas, and the sharp-pointed nose of bitter-biting Eurus. Do thou, sweet Zephyrus, rising from thy fragrant bed, mount the western sky, and lead on those delicious gales, the charms

of which call forth the lovely Flora from her chamber, perfumed with pearly dews, when on the first of June, her birth-day, the blooming maid, in loose attire, gently trips it over the verdant mead, where every flower rises to do her homage, till the whole field becomes enamelled, and colours contend with sweets which shall ravish her most.

So charming may she now appear; and you the feather'd choristers of nature, whose sweetest notes not even Handel can excel, tune your melodious throats, to celebrate her appearance. From love proceeds your music, and to love it returns. Awaken therefore that gentle passion in every swain: for lo! adorned with all the charms in which nature can array her; bedecked with beauty, youth, sprightliness, innocence, modesty, and tenderness, breathing sweetness from her rosy lips, and darting brightness from her sparkling eyes, the lovely Sophia comes.

Reader, perhaps thou hast seen the statue of the Venus de Medicis. Perhaps too, thou hast seen the gallery of beauties at Hampton-Court. Thou may'st remember 'each bright Churchill of the Galaxy,' and all the toasts of the Kit-cat. Or if their reign was before thy times, at least thou hast seen their daughters, the no less dazzling beauties of the present age; whose names, should we here insert, we apprehend they would fill the whole volume.

Now if thou hast seen all these, be not afraid of the rude answer which lord Rochester once gave to a man, who had seen many things. No. If thou hast seen all these without knowing what beauty is, thou hast no eyes; if without feeling its power, thou hast no heart.

Yet is it possible, my friend, that thou mayest have seen all these without being able to form an exact idea of Sophia: for she did not exactly resemble any of them. She was most like the picture of lady Ranelagh; and I have heard more still to the famous
dutchess

dutcheſs of Mazarin : but moſt of all ſhe reſembled one whole image never can depart from my breaſt, and whom, if thou doſt remember, thou haſt then, my friend, an adequate idea of Sophia.

But leſt this ſhould not have been thy fortune, we will endeavour with our utmoſt ſkill to deſcribe this paragon, though we are ſenſible that our higheſt abilities are very inadequate to the taſk.

Sophia then, the only daughter of Mr. Weſtern, was a middle-ſized woman ; but rather inclining to tall. Her ſhape was not only exact, but extremely delicate ; and the nice proportion of her arms promiſed the trueſt ſymmetry in her limbs. Her hair, which was black, was ſo luxuriant, that it reached her middle, before ſhe cut it, to comply with the modern faſhion ; and it was now curled ſo gracefully in her neck, that few would believe it to be her own. If envy could find any part of her face which demanded leſs commendation than the reſt, it might poſſibly think her forehead might have been higher without prejudice to her. Her eye-brows were full, even, and arched beyond the power of art to imitate. Her black eyes had a luſtre in them, which all her ſoftneſs could not extinguiſh. Her noſe was exactly regular ; and her mouth, in which were two rows of ivory, exactly answered Sir John Suckling's deſcription in thoſe lines :

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin.
Some bee had ſtung it newly.

Her cheeks were of the oval kind ; and in her right ſhe had a dimple, which the leaſt ſmile diſcovered. Her chin had certainly its ſhare in forming the beauty of her face ; but it was difficult to ſay it was either large or ſmall, though perhaps it was rather of the former kind. Her complexion had rather more of

the lilly than of the rose ; but when exercise, or modesty, encreased her natural colour, no vermilion could equal it. Then one might indeed cry out with the celebrated Dr. Donne,

—— Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought.

Her neck was long and finely turned ; and here, if I was not afraid of offending her delicacy, I might justly say, the highest beauties of the famous Venus de Medicis were outdone. Here was whiteness which no lillies, ivory, nor alabaster could match. The finest cambric might indeed be supposed from envy to cover that bosom, which was much whiter than itself—It was indeed,

• • Nitor splendens Pario marmore purius ;

‘ A gloss shining beyond the purest brightness of
‘ Parian marble.’

Such was the outside of Sophia ; nor was this beautiful frame disgraced by an inhabitant unworthy of it. Her mind was every way equal to her person ; nay, the latter borrowed some charms from the former : for when she smiled, the sweetness of her temper diffused that glory over her countenance, which no regularity of features can give. But as there are no perfections of the mind which do not discover themselves, in that perfect intimacy, to which we intend to introduce our reader, with this charming young creature ; so it is needless to mention them here : nay, it is a kind of tacit affront to our reader’s understanding, and may also rob him of that pleasure which he will receive in forming his own judgment of her character.

It may, however, be proper to say, that whatever mental accomplishments she had derived from nature,

ture, they were somewhat improved and cultivated by art: for she had been educated under the care of an aunt, who was a lady of great discretion, and was thoroughly acquainted with the world, having lived in her youth about the court, whence she had retired some years since into the country. By her conversation and instructions, Sophia was perfectly well-bred, though perhaps she wanted a little of that ease in her behaviour, which is to be acquired only by habit, and living within what is called the polite circle. But this, to say the truth, is often too dearly purchased; and though it hath charms so inexpressible, that the French, perhaps, among other qualities, mean to express this, when they declare they know not what it is; yet its absence is well compensated by innocence; nor can good sense, and a natural gentility ever stand in need of it.

C H A P. III.

Wherein the history goes back to commemorate a trifling incident that happened some years since; but which, trifling as it was, had some future consequences.

TH E amiable Sophia was now in her eighteenth year, when she is introduced into this history. Her father, as hath been said, was fonder of her than of any other human creature. To her, therefore, Tom Jones applied in order to engage her interest on the behalf of his friend the game-keeper.

But before we proceed to this business, a short recapitulation of some previous matters may be necessary.

Though the different tempers of Mr. Allworthy and of Mr. Western, did not admit of a very intimate correspondence, yet they lived upon what is called a decent footing together; by which means the young people of both families had been ac-

quainted from their infancy; and as they were all near of the same age, had been frequently play-mates together.

The gaiety of Tom's temper suited better with Sophia, than the grave and sober disposition of Master Blifil. And the preference which she gave the former of these, would often appear so plainly, that a lad of a more passionate turn than Master Blifil was, might have shewn some displeasure at it.

As he did not, however, outwardly express any such disgust, it would be an ill office in us to pay a visit to the inmost recesses of his mind, as some scandalous people search into the most secret affairs of their friends, and often pry into their closets and cupboards, only to discover their poverty and meanness to the world.

However, as persons who suspect they have given others cause of offence, are apt to conclude they are offended; so Sophia imputed an action of Master Blifil to his anger, which the superior sagacity of Thwackum and Square discerned to have arisen from a much better principle.

Tom Jones, when very young, had presented Sophia with a little bird, which he had taken from the nest, had nursed up, and taught to sing.

Of this bird, Sophia, then about thirteen years old, was so extremely fond, that her chief business was to feed and tend it, and her chief pleasure to play with it. By these means little Tommy, for so the bird was called, was become so tame, that it would feed out of the hand of its mistress, would perch upon her finger, and lie contented in her bosom, where it seemed almost sensible of its own happiness; tho' she always kept a small string about its leg, nor would ever trust it with the liberty of flying away.

One day, when Mr. Allworthy, and his whole family, dined at Mr. Western's, master Blifil, being in the garden with little Sophia, and observing the extreme

ereme fondness, that, she shewed for her little bird, desired her to trust it for a moment in his hands. Sophia presently complied with the young gentleman's request, and after some previous caution, delivered him her bird; of which he was no sooner in possession, than he slit the string from its leg, and tossed it into the air.

The foolish animal no sooner perceived itself at liberty, than forgetting all the favours it had received from Sophia, it flew directly from her, and perched on a bough at some distance.

Sophia, seeing her bird gone, screamed out so loud, that Tom Jones, who was at a little distance, immediately ran to her assistance.

He was no sooner informed of what had happened, than he cursed Blifil for a pitiful, malicious rascal, and then immediately stripping off his coat, he applied himself to climbing the tree to which the bird escaped.

Tom had almost recovered his little name-sake, when the branch, on which it was perched, and that hung over a canal, broke, and the poor lad plumped over head and ears into the water.

Sophia's concern now changed its object. And as she apprehended the boy's life was in danger, she screamed ten times louder than before; and indeed master Blifil himself now seconded her with all the vociferation in his power.

The company, who were sitting in a room next the garden, were instantly alarmed, and came all forth; but just as they reached the canal, Tom, (for the water was luckily pretty shallow in that part) arrived safely on shore.

Thwackum fell violently on poor Tom, who stood dropping and shivering before him, when Mr. Allworthy desired him to have patience, and turning to Master Blifil, said, pray child, what is the reason of all this disturbance?

Master Blifil answered, ' Indeed, uncle, I am very

' sorry for what I have done; I have been unhap-
 ' pily the occasion of it all. I had Miss Sophia's
 ' bird in my hand, and thinking the poor creature
 ' languished for liberty, I own, I could not forbear
 ' giving it what it desired: for I always thought
 ' there was something very cruel in confining any
 ' thing. It seemed to me against the law of nature,
 ' by which every thing hath a right to liberty; nay,
 ' it is even unchristian; for it is not doing what we
 ' would be done by: but if I had imagined Miss
 ' Sophia would have been so much concerned at it,
 ' I am sure I would never have done it; nay, if I
 ' had known what would have happened to the bird
 ' itself: for when Master Jones, who climbed up
 ' that tree after it, fell into the water, the bird took
 ' a second flight, and presently a nasty hawk carried
 ' it away.'

Poor Sophia, who now first heard of her little
 Tommy's fate, (for her concern for Jones had pre-
 vented her perceiving it when it happened) shed a
 shower of tears. These Mr. Allworthy endeavoured
 to assuage, promising her a much finer bird; but she
 declared she would never have another. Her father
 chid her for crying so for a foolish bird; but could
 not help telling young Blifil, if he was a son of his,
 his backside should be well flea'd.

Sophia now returned to her chamber: the two
 young gentlemen were sent home, and the rest of the
 company returned to their bottle; where a conver-
 sation ensued on the subject of the bird, so curious,
 that we think it deserves a chapter by itself.

C H A P. IV.

Containing such very deep and grave matters, that some readers, perhaps, may not relish it.

SQUARE had no sooner lighted his pipe, than addressing himself to Allworthy, he thus began :
 ' Sir, I cannot help congratulating you on your nephew ; who, at an age when few lads have any ideas but of sensible objects, is arrived at a capacity of distinguishing right from wrong. To confine any thing, seems to me against the law of nature, by which every thing hath a right to liberty. These were his words ; and the impression they have made on me, is never to be eradicated. Can any man have a higher notion of the rule of right, and the eternal fitness of things ? I cannot help promising myself from such a dawn, that the meridian of this youth will be equal to that of either the elder or the younger Brutus.'

Here Thwackum hastily interrupted, and spilling some of his wine, and swallowing the rest with great eagerness, answered, ' From another expression he made use of, I hope he will resemble much better men. The law of nature is a jargon of words, which means nothing. I know not of any such law, nor of any right which can be derived from it. To do as we would be done by, is indeed a Christian motive, as the boy well expressed himself, and I am glad to find my instructions have borne such good fruit.'

' If vanity was a thing fit, (says Square) I might indulge some on the same occasion ; for whence he can only have learnt his notions of right or wrong, I think is pretty apparent. If there be no law of nature, there is no right nor wrong.'

' How ! (says the parson) do you then banish
 B 5 ' revelation ?

‘revelation? Am I talking with a deist or an atheist?’

‘Drink about, (says Western) pox of your laws of nature. I don’t know what you mean either of you by right and wrong. To take away my girl’s bird, was wrong in my opinion; and my neighbour Allworthy may do as he pleases; but to encourage boys in such practices, is to breed them up to the gallows.’

Allworthy answered, ‘That he was sorry for what his nephew had done; but could not consent to punish him, as he acted rather from a generous than unworthy motive.’ He said, if the boy had stolen the bird, none would have been more ready to vote for a severe chastisement than himself; but it was plain that was not his design: and, indeed, it was as apparent to him, that he could have no other view but what he had himself confessed. (For as to that malicious purpose which Sophia suspected, it never once entered into the head of Mr. Allworthy). He at length concluded with again blaming the action as inconsiderate, and which, he said, was only pardonable in a child.

Square had delivered his opinion so openly, that if he was now silent he must submit to have his judgment censured. He said, therefore, with some warmth, ‘That Mr. Allworthy had too much respect to the dirty consideration of property; that in passing our judgments on great and mighty actions, all private regards should be laid aside: for by adhering to those narrow rules, the younger Brutus had been condemned of ingratitude, and the elder of parricide.’

‘And if they had been hanged too for those crimes,’ cried Thwackum, ‘they would have had no more than their deserts. A couple of heathenish villains! Heaven be praised, we have no Brutus’s now-a-days. I wish, Mr. Square, you would desist from filling the minds of my pupils with such anti-christian,

‘ christian stuff : for the consequence must be, while they are under my care, its being well scourged out of them again. There is your disciple Tom almost spoiled already. I overheard him the other day disputing with Master Blifil, that there was no merit in faith without works. I know that is one of your tenets, and I suppose he had it from you.’

‘ Dont accuse me of spoiling him,’ says Square. ‘ Who taught him to laugh at whatever is virtuous and decent, and fit and right in the nature of things? He is your own scholar, and I disclaim him. No, no, Master Blifil is my boy. Young as he is, that lad’s notions of moral rectitude I defy you ever to eradicate.’

Thwackum put on a contemptuous sneer at this, and replied, ‘ Ay, ay, I will venture him with you. He is too well grounded for all your philosophical cant to hurt. No, no, I have taken care to instil such principles into him’—

‘ And I have instilled principles into him too,’ cries Square. ‘ What but the sublime idea of virtue could inspire a human mind with the generous thought of giving liberty? And I repeat to you again, if it was a fit thing to be proud, I might claim the honour of having infused that idea.’—

‘ And if pride was not forbidden,’ said Thwackum, ‘ I might boast of having taught him that duty which he himself assigned as his motive.’

‘ So between you both,’ says the Squire, ‘ the young gentleman hath been taught to rob my daughter of her bird. I find I must take care of my partridge-mew. I shall have some virtuous, religious man or other set all my partridges at liberty.’ Then slapping a gentleman of the law, who was present, on the back, he cried out, ‘ What say you to this, Mr. Counsellor? Is not this against law?’

The lawyer, with great gravity, delivered himself as follows :

‘ If the case be put of a partridge, there can be no doubt but an action would lie : for though this be *feræ naturæ*, yet being reclaimed, property vests ; but being the case of a singing-bird, though reclaimed, as it is a thing of base nature, it must be considered as *nullius in bonis*. In this case, therefore, I conceive the plaintiff must be nonsuited ; and I should disadvise the bringing any such action.’

‘ Well, (says the Squire) if it be *nullus bonus*, let us drink about, and talk a little of the state of the nation, or some such discourse that we all understand ; for I am sure I don’t understand a word of this. It may be learning and sense for aught I know ; but you shall never persuade me into it. Pox ! you have neither of you mentioned a word of that poor lad who deserves to be commended. To venture breaking his neck to oblige my girl, was a generous spirited action : I have learning enough to see that. D——n me, here’s Tom’s health. I shall love the boy for it the longest day I have to live.’

Thus was the debate interrupted : but it would probably have been soon resumed, had not Mr. Allworthy presently called for his coach, and carried off the two combatants.

Such was the conclusion of this adventure of the bird, and of the dialogue occasioned by it, which we could not help recounting to our reader, though it happened some years before that stage or period of time at which our history is now arrived.

C H A P. V.

Containing matter accommodated to every taste.

PARVA leves capiunt animos, 'Small things affect light minds,' was the sentiment of a great master of the passion of love. And certain it is, that from this day Sophia began to have some little kindness for Tom Jones, and no little aversion for his companion.

Many accidents from time to time improved both these passions in her breast; which, without our recounting, the reader may well conclude, from what we have before hinted of the different tempers of these lads, and how much the one suited with her own inclinations more than the other. To say the truth, Sophia, when very young, discerned that Tom, though an idle, thoughtless, rattling rascal, was nobody's enemy but his own; and that master Blifil, though a prudent, discreet, sober, young gentleman, was, at the same time, strongly attached to the interest only of one single person; and who that single person was, the reader will be able to divine without any assistance of ours.

These two characters are not always received in the world with the different regard which seems severally due to either; and which one would imagine mankind, from self-interest, should shew towards them. But, perhaps, there may be a political reason for it: in finding one of a true benevolent disposition, men may very reasonably suppose they have found a treasure, and be desirous of keeping it, like all other good things, to themselves. Hence they may imagine, that to trumpet forth the praises of such a person, would, in the vulgar phrase, be crying *roast meat*; and calling in partakers of what they intend to apply solely to their own use. If this reason doth

doth not satisfy the reader, I know no other means of accounting for the little respect which I have commonly seen paid to a character which really doth great honour to human nature, and is productive of the highest good to society. But it was otherwise with Sophia. She honoured Tom Jones, and scorned master Blifil, almost as soon as she knew the meaning of those two words.

Sophia had been absent upwards of three years with her aunt; during all which time she had seldom seen either of these young gentlemen. She dined, however, once, together with her aunt, at Mr. Allworthy's. This was a few days after the adventure of the partridge, before commemorated. Sophia heard the whole story at table, where she said nothing; nor indeed could her aunt get many words from her as she returned home: but her maid, when undressing her, happening to say, 'Well Miss, I suppose you have seen young Master Blifil to-day;' she answered with much passion, 'I hate the name of Master Blifil, as I do whatever is base and treacherous; and I wonder Mr. Allworthy would suffer that old barbarous school-master to punish a poor boy so cruelly, for what was only the effect of his good nature.' She then recounted the story to her maid, and concluded with saying, 'Don't you think he is a boy of a noble spirit?'

This young lady was now returned to her father; who gave her the command of his house, and placed her at the upper end of his table, where Tom (who from his great love of hunting, was become a great favourite of the Squire) often dined. Young men of open, generous dispositions are naturally inclined to gallantry, which, if they have good understandings, as was in reality Tom's case, exerts itself in an obliging, complaisant behaviour to all women in general. This greatly distinguished Tom from the boisterous brutality of mere country squires on the one hand; and from the solemn, and somewhat fullen deportment of Master Blifil on the other; and he began
now

now, at twenty, to have the name of a pretty fellow, among all the women in the neighbourhood.

Tom behaved to Sophia with no particularity, unless, perhaps, by shewing her a higher respect than he paid to any other. This distinction her beauty, fortune, sense, and amiable carriage seemed to demand; but as to design upon her person, he had none; for which we shall at present suffer the reader to condemn him of stupidity; but perhaps we shall be able indifferently well to account for it hereafter.

Sophia, with the highest degree of innocence and modesty, had a remarkable sprightliness in her temper. This was so greatly increased whenever she was in company with Tom, that, had he not been very young and thoughtless, he must have observed it; or had not Mr. Western's thoughts been generally either in the field, the stable, or the dog-kennel, it might have, perhaps, created some jealousy in him: but so far was the good gentleman from entertaining any such suspicions, that he gave Tom every opportunity with his daughter which any lover could have wished. And this Tom innocently improved to better advantage, by following only the dictates of his natural gallantry and good nature, than he might, perhaps, have done, had he had the deepest designs on the young lady.

But, indeed, it can occasion little wonder, that this matter escaped the observation of others, since poor Sophia herself never remarked it, and her heart was irretrievably lost before she suspected it was in danger.

Matters were in this situation, when Tom one afternoon, finding Sophia alone, began, after a short apology, with a very serious face to acquaint her that he had a favour to ask of her, which he hoped her goodness would comply with.

Though neither the young man's behaviour, nor indeed his manner of opening this business, were such as could give her any just cause of suspecting he intended to make love to her; yet whether nature
whispered

whispered something into her ear, or from what cause it arose, I will not determine; certain it is, some idea of that kind must have intruded itself; for her colour forsook her cheeks, her limbs trembled, and her tongue would have faltered, had Tom stopped for an answer; but he soon relieved her from her perplexity, by proceeding to inform her of his request, which was to solicit her interest on behalf of the game-keeper, whose own ruin, and that of a large family, must be, he said, the consequence of Mr. Western's pursuing his action against him.

Sophia presently recovered her confusion, and with a smile full of sweetness said, 'Is this the mighty favour you asked with so much gravity? I will do it with all my heart. I really pity the poor fellow, and no longer ago than yesterday sent a small matter to his wife.' This small matter was one of her gowns, some linen, and ten shillings in money, of which Tom had heard, and it had, in reality, put this solicitation into his head.

Our youth, now emboldened with his success, resolved to push the matter farther; and ventured even to beg her recommendation of him to her father's service; protesting that he thought him one of the honestest fellows in the country, and extremely well qualified for the place of a game-keeper, which luckily then happened to be vacant.

Sophia answered, 'Well, I will undertake this too; but I cannot promise you as much success as in the former part, which I assure you I will not quit my father without obtaining. However, I will do what I can for the poor fellow; for I sincerely look upon him and his family as objects of great compassion.—And now, Mr. Jones, I must ask you a favour.'—

'A favour! madam, (cries Tom) if you knew the pleasure you have given me in the hopes of receiving a command from you, you would think by mentioning it, you must confer the greatest favour
on

on me; for by this dear hand, I would sacrifice my life to oblige you.'

He then snatched her hand, and eagerly kissed it, which was the first time his lips ever touched her. The blood, which before had forsaken her cheeks, now made her sufficient amends, by rushing all over her face and neck with such violence, that they became all of a scarlet colour. She now first felt a sensation to which she had been before a stranger, and which, when she had leisure to reflect on it, began to acquaint her with some secrets, which the reader, if he does not already guess them, will know in due time.

Sophia, as soon as she could speak, (which was not instantly) informed him, that the favour which she had to desire of him, was not to lead her father through so many dangers in hunting; for that, from what she had heard, she was terribly frightened every time they went out together, and expected some day or other to see her father brought home with broken limbs. She therefore begged him, for her sake, to be more cautious; and, as he well knew Mr. Western would follow him, not to ride so madly, nor to take those dangerous leaps for the future.

Tom faithfully promised to obey her commands; and, after thanking her for her kind compliance with his request, took his leave, and departed highly charmed with his success.

Poor Sophia was charmed too; but in a very different way. Her sensations, however, the reader's heart (if he or she have any) will better represent than I can, if I had as many mouths as ever poet wished for, to eat, I suppose, those many dainties with which he was so plentifully provided.

It was Mr. Western's custom every afternoon, as soon as he was drunk, to hear his daughter play on the harpsichord; for he was a great lover of music, and perhaps, had he lived in town, might have passed for a connoisseur; for he always excepted against the finest compositions of Mr. Handel. He never re-

lished

lished any music but what was light and airy; and indeed his most favourite tunes were Old Sir Simon the King, St. George he was for England, Bobbing Joan, and some others.

His daughter, though she was a perfect mistress of music, and would never willingly have played any but Handel's, was so devoted to her father's pleasure, that she learned all those tunes to oblige him. However, she would now and then endeavour to lead him into her own taste, and when he required the repetition of his ballads, would answer with a 'Nay, dear Sir,' and would often beg him to suffer her to play something else.

This evening, however, when the gentleman was retired from his bottle, she played all his favourites three times over, without any solicitation. This so pleased the good squire, that he started from his couch, gave his daughter a kiss, and swore her hand was greatly improved. She took this opportunity to execute her promise to Tom, in which she succeeded so well, that the squire declared, if she would give him t'other bout of Old Sir Simon, he would give the game-keeper his deputation the next morning. Sir Simon was played again and again, till the charms of the music soothed Mr. Western to sleep. In the morning Sophia did not fail to remind him of his engagement; and his attorney was immediately sent for, and ordered to stop any further proceedings in the action, and to make out the deputation.

Tom's success in this affair soon began to ring over the country, and various were the censures passed upon it; some greatly applauding it as an act of good nature; others sneering, and saying, 'No wonder that one idle fellow should love another.' Young Blifil was greatly enraged at it. He had long hated Black George in the same proportion as Jones delighted in him; not from any offence which he had ever received, but from his great love to religion and virtue; for Black George had the reputation of a loose kind of
a fel-

a fellow. Bliss therefore represented this as flying in Mr. Allworthy's face; and declared with great concern, that it was impossible to find any other motive for doing good to such a wretch.

Thwackum and Square likewise sung to the same tune: They were now (especially the latter) become greatly jealous of young Jones with the widow; for he now approached the age of twenty, was really a fine young fellow, and that lady, by her encouragements to him, seemed daily more and more to think him so.

Allworthy was not, however, moved with their malice. He declared himself very well satisfied with what Jones had done. He said, the perseverance and integrity of his friendship was highly commendable, and he wished he could see more frequent instances of that virtue.

But fortune, who seldom greatly relishes such sparks as my friend Tom, perhaps because they do not pay more ardent addresses to her, gave now a very different turn to all his actions, and shewed them to Mr. Allworthy in a light far less agreeable than that gentleman's goodness had hitherto seen them in.

CH A P. VI.

An apology for the insensibility of Mr. Jones, to all the charms of the lovely Sophia; in which possibly we may, in a considerable degree, lower his character in the estimation of those men of wit and gallantry, who approve the heroes in most of our modern comedies.

THERE are two sorts of people, who, I am afraid, have already conceived some contempt for my hero, on account of his behaviour to Sophia. The former of these will blame his prudence in neglecting an opportunity to possess himself of Mr. Western's fortune; and the latter will no less despise him for his backwardness to so fine a girl, who seemed

seemed ready to fly into his arms, if he would open them to receive her.

Now, though I shall not, perhaps, be able absolutely to acquit him of either of these charges; (for want of prudence admits of no excuse; and what I shall produce against the latter charge, will, I apprehend, be scarce satisfactory) yet as evidence may sometimes be offered in mitigation, I shall set forth the plain matter of fact, and leave the whole to the reader's determination.

Mr. Jones had somewhat about him, which, though I think writers are not thoroughly agreed in its name, doth certainly inhabit some human breasts; whose use is not so properly to distinguish right from wrong, as to prompt, and incite them to the former, and to restrain and withhold them from the latter.

This somewhat may be indeed resembled to the famous trunk-maker in the play-house; for whenever the person who is possessed of it, doth what is right, no ravished or friendly spectator is so eager, or so loud in his applause; on the contrary, when he doth wrong, no critic is so apt to hiss and explode him.

To give a higher idea of the principle I mean, as well as one more familiar to the present age; it may be considered as sitting on its throne in the mind, like the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR of this kingdom in his court: where it presides, governs, directs, judges, acquits and condemns according to merit and justice; with a knowledge which nothing escapes, a penetration which nothing can deceive, and an integrity which nothing can corrupt.

This active principle may perhaps be said to constitute the most essential barrier between us and our neighbours the brutes; for, if there be some in the human shape, who are not under any such dominion, I chuse rather to consider them as deserters from us to our neighbours; among whom they will have the fate of deserters, and not be placed in the first rank.

Our hero, whether he derived it from Thwackum or Square, I will not determine, was very strongly under the guidance of this principle: for though he did not always act rightly, yet he never did it otherwise without feeling and suffering for it. It was this which taught him that to repay the civilities and little friendships of hospitality by robbing the house where you have received them, is to be the basest and meanest of thieves. He did not think the baseness of this offence lessened by the height of the injury committed; on the contrary, if to steal another's plate deserved death and infamy, it seemed to him difficult to assign a punishment adequate to the robbing a man of his whole fortune, and of his child into the bargain.

This principle therefore prevented him from any thought of making his fortune by such means; (for this, as I have said, is an active principle, and doth not content itself with knowledge or belief only.) Had he been greatly enamoured of Sophia, he possibly might have thought otherwise; but give me leave to say, there is great difference between running away with a man's daughter from the motive of love, and doing the same thing from the motive of theft.

Now, though this young gentleman was not insensible of the charms of Sophia; though he greatly liked her beauty, and esteemed all her other qualifications, she had made, however, no deep impression on his heart; for which, as it renders him liable to the charge of stupidity, or at least of want of taste, we shall now proceed to account.

The truth then is, his heart was in the possession of another woman. Here I question not, but the reader will be surprised at our long taciturnity as to this matter; and at no less loss to divine who this woman was: since we have hitherto not dropped a hint of any one likely to be a rival to Sophia: for as to Mrs. Blifil, though we have been obliged to mention some suspicions of her affection for Tom, we have not
hitherto

hitherto given the least latitude for imagining that he had any for her; and, indeed, I am sorry to say it, but the youth of both sexes are too apt to be deficient in their gratitude, for that regard with which persons more advanced in years are sometimes so kind to honour them.

That the reader may be no longer in suspense, he will be pleased to remember, that we have often mentioned the family of George Seagrim, (commonly called Black George the game-keeper) which consisted at present of a wife and five children.

The second of these children was a daughter, whose name was Molly, and who was esteemed one of the handsomest girls in the whole country.

Congreve well says, 'There is in true beauty something which vulgar souls cannot admire;' so can no dirt or rags hide this something from those souls which are not of the vulgar stamp.

The beauty of this girl made, however, no impression on Tom, till she grew towards the age of sixteen, when Tom, who was near three years older, began first to cast the eyes of affection upon her. And this affection he had fixed on the girl long before he could bring himself to attempt the possession of her person: for though his constitution urged him greatly to this, his principles no less forcibly restrained him. To debauch a young woman, however low her condition was, appeared to him a very heinous crime; and the good-will he bore the father, with the compassion he had for his family, very strongly corroborated all such sober reflections; so that he once resolved to get the better of his inclinations, and he actually abstained three whole months without ever going to Seagrim's house, or seeing his daughter.

Now, though Molly was, as we have said, generally thought a very fine girl, and in reality she was so; yet her beauty was not of the most amiable kind. It had indeed very little of feminine in it, and would have

have become a man at least as well as a woman ; for, to say the truth, youth and florid health had a very considerable share in the composition.

Nor was her mind more effeminate than her person. As this was tall and robust, so was that bold and forward. So little had she of modesty, that Jones had more regard for her virtue than she herself. And as most probably she liked Tom as well as he liked her, so when she perceived his backwardness, she herself grew proportionably forward ; and when she saw he had entirely deserted the house, she found means of throwing herself in his way, and behaved in such a manner, that the youth must have had very much, or very little of the hero, if her endeavours had proved unsuccessful. In a word she soon triumphed over all the virtuous resolutions of Jones : for though she behaved at last with all decent reluctance, yet I rather chuse to attribute the triumph to her ; since, in fact, it was her design which succeeded.

In the conduct of this matter, Molly so well played her part, that Jones attributed the conquest entirely to himself, and considered the young woman as one who had yielded to the violent attacks of his passion. He likewise imputed her yielding to the ungovernable force of her love towards him ; and this the reader will allow to have been a very natural and probable supposition, as we have more than once imagined the uncommon comeliness of his person : and indeed he was one of the handsomest young fellows in the world.

As there are some minds whose affections, like Master Blifil's, are solely placed on one single person, whose interest and indulgence alone they consider on every occasion ; regarding the good and ill of all others as merely indifferent, any farther than as they contribute to the pleasure or advantage of that person. So there is a different temper of mind, which borrows a degree of virtue even from self-love. Such

can never receive any kind of satisfaction from another, without loving the creature to whom that satisfaction is owing; and without making its well-being in some sort necessary to their own ease.

Of this latter species was our hero. He considered this poor girl as one whose happiness or misery he had caused to be dependant on himself. Her beauty was still the object of desire, though greater beauty or a fresher object might have been more so; but the little abatement which fruition had occasioned to this, was highly overbalanced by the considerations of the affection which she visibly bore him, and of the situation into which he had brought her. The former of these created gratitude, the latter compassion; and both together, with his desire for her person, raised in him a passion, which might, without any great violence to the word, be called Love; though, perhaps, it was at first not very judiciously placed.

This then was the true reason of that insensibility which he had shewn to the charms of Sophia, and to that behaviour in her, which might have been reasonably enough interpreted as an encouragement to his addresses: for, as he could not think of abandoning his Molly, poor and destitute as she was, so no more could he entertain a notion of betraying such a creature as Sophia. And surely had he given the least encouragement to any passion for that young lady, he must have been absolutely guilty of one or other of those crimes; either of which would in my opinion, have very justly subjected him to that fate, which, at his first introduction into this history, I mentioned to have been generally predicted as his certain destiny.

CHAP. VII.

Being the shortest chapter in this book.

HER mother first perceived the alteration in the shape of Molly; and in order to hide it from her neighbours, she foolishly clothed her in that sack which Sophia had sent her; though indeed that young lady had little apprehension that the poor woman would have been weak enough to let any of her daughters wear it in that form.

Molly was charmed with the first opportunity she had ever had of shewing her beauty to advantage; for though she could very well bear to contemplate herself in the glass, even when dressed in rags; and though she had in that dress conquered the heart of Jones, and perhaps of some others; yet she thought the addition of finery would much improve her charms, and extend her conquest.

Molly, therefore, having dressed herself out in this sack, with a new laced cap, and some other ornaments which Tom had given her, repairs to church, with her fan in her hand, the very next Sunday. The great are deceived, if they imagine they have appropriated ambition and vanity to themselves. These noble qualities flourish as notably in a country-church, and church-yard, as in the drawing-room, or in the closet. Schemes indeed have been laid in the vestry, which would hardly disgrace the conclave. Here is a ministry, and here is an opposition. Here are plots and circumventions, parties and factions, equal to those which are to be found in courts.

Nor are the women here less practised in the highest feminine arts than their fair superiors in quality and fortune. Here are prudes and coquettes. Here are dressing and ogling, falsehood, envy, malice, scandal; in short, every thing which is common to the

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most splendid assembly, or politest circle. Let those of high life, therefore, no longer despise the ignorance of their inferiors ; nor the vulgar any longer rail at the vices of their betters.

Molly had seated herself some time before she was known by her neighbours ; and a whisper ran through the whole congregation, ' Who is she ? ' But when she was discovered, such sneering, giggling, tittering, and laughing, ensued among the women, that Mr. Allworthy was obliged to exert his authority to preserve any decency among them.

CHAP. VIII.

A battle sung by the Muse in the Homerican style, and which none but the classical reader can taste.

MR. Western had an estate in this parish ; and as his house stood at little greater distance from this church than from his own, he very often came to divine service here ; and both he and the charming Sophia happened to be present at this time.

Sophia was much pleased with the beauty of the girl, whom she pitied for her simplicity, in having dressed herself in that manner, as she saw the envy which it had occasioned among her equals. She no sooner came home, than she sent for the game-keeper, and ordered him to bring his daughter to her ; saying, She would provide for her in the family, and might possibly place the girl about her own person, when her own maid, who was now going away, had left her.

Poor Seagrim was thunderstruck at this ; for he was no stranger to the fault in the shape of his daughter. He answered, in a stammering voice, ' That he was afraid Molly would be too awkward to wait on her ladyship, as she had never been at service.' ' No matter for that,' says Sophia, ' she will

'will soon improve. I am pleased with the girl, and am resolved to try her.'

Black George now repaired to his wife, on whose prudent counsel he depended to extricate him out of this dilemma; but when he came thither, he found his house in some confusion. So great envy had this sack occasioned, that when Mr Allworthy and the other gentry were gone from church, the rage, which had hitherto been confined, burst into an uproar; and, having vented itself at first in opprobrious words, laughs, hisses, and gestures, betook itself at last to certain missile weapons; which, though from their plastic nature, they threatened neither the loss of life or of limb, were however sufficiently dreadful to a well-dressed lady. Molly had too much spirit to bear this treatment tamely. Having therefore—But hold, as we are diffident of our own abilities, let us here invite a superior power to our assistance.

Ye Muses, then, whoever ye are, who love to sing battles; and principally thou, who, whilom didst recount the slaughter in those fields where Hudibras and Trulla fought, if thou wert not starved with thy friend Butler, assist me on this great occasion. All things are not in the power of all.

As a vast herd of cows in a rich farmer's yard, if, while they are milked, they hear their calves at a distance, lamenting the robbery which is then committing, roar and bellow; so roared forth the Somersetshire mob an hallaloo, made up of almost as many squawls, screams, and other different sounds, as there were persons, or indeed passions, among them: some were inspired by rage, others alarmed by fear, and others had nothing in their heads but the love of fun; but chiefly envy, the sister of Satan, and his constant companion, rushed among the crowd, and blew up the fury of the women; who no sooner came up to Molly, than they pelted her with dirt and rubbish,

Molly, having endeavoured in vain to make a handsome retreat, faced about ; and laying hold of ragged Bess, who advanced in the front of the enemy, she at one blow felled her to the ground. The whole army of the enemy (though near a hundred in number) seeing the fate of their general, gave back many paces, and retired behind a new-dug grave ; for the church-yard was the field of battle, where there was to be a funeral that very evening. Molly pursued her victory, and catching up a skull which lay on the side of the grave, discharged it with such fury, that having hit a taylor on the head, the two skulls sent equally forth a hollow sound at their meeting, and the taylor took presently measure of his length on the ground, where the skulls lay side by side, and it was doubtful which was the most valuable of the two. Molly then taking a thigh-bone in her hand, fell in among the flying ranks, and dealing her blows with great liberality on either side, overthrew the carcass of many a mighty hero and heroine.

Recount, O Muse, the names of those who fell on this fatal day. First Jemmy Tweedle felt on his hinder head the direful bone. Him the pleasant banks of sweetly winding Stower had nourished, where he first learnt the vocal art, with which, wandering up and down at wakes and fairs, he cheered the rural nymphs and swains, when upon the green they interweaved the sprightly dance ; while he himself stood fiddling and jumping to his own music. How little now avails his fiddle ? He thumps the verdant floor with his carcass. Next old Echepole, the sow-gelder, received a blow on his forehead from our Amazonian heroine, and immediately fell to the ground. He was a swinging fat fellow, and fell with almost as much noise as a house. His tobacco-box dropt at the same time from his pocket, which Molly took up as lawful spoil. Then Kate of the mill tumbled unfortunately over a tomb-stone, which catching hold of her ungartered stockings, inverted the

the order of nature, and gave her heels the superiority to her head. Betty Pippin, with young Roger her lover, fell both to the ground; where, O perverse fate! she salutes the earth, and he the sky. Tom Freckle, the smith's son, was the next victim to her rage. He was an ingenious workman, and made excellent pattins; nay, the very pattin with which he was knocked down, was his own workmanship. Had he been at that time singing psalms in the church, he would have avoided a broken head. Miss Crow, the daughter of a farmer; John Giddish, himself a farmer; Nan Slouch, Esther Codling, Will Spray, Tom Bennet; the three Misses Potter, whose father keeps the sign of the Red Lion; Betty Chambermaid, Jack Ostler, and many others of inferior note, lay rolling among the graves.

Not that the strenuous arm of Molly reached all these; for many of them in their flight overthrew each other.

But now fortune, fearing she had acted out of character, and had inclined too long to the same side, especially as it was the right side, hastily turned about: for now Goody Brown, whom Zekiel Brown caressed in his arms; nor he alone, but half the parish besides; so famous was she in the fields of Venus, nor indeed less in those of Mars. The trophies of both these, her husband always bore about on his head and face; for if ever human head did by its horns display the amorous glories of a wife, Zekiel's did; nor did his well scratched face less denote her talents (or rather talons) of a different kind.

No longer bore this Amazon the shameful flight of her party. She stopt short, and calling aloud to all who fled, spoke as follows: 'Ye Somersetshire men, or rather ye Somersetshire women, are ye not ashamed, thus to fly from a single woman? But if no other will oppose her, I myself and John Top here will have the honour of the victory.' Having thus said, she flew at Molly Seagrim, and easily wrenched

wrenched the thigh-bone from her hand, at the same time clawing off her cap from her head. Then laying hold of the hair of Molly with her left-hand, she attacked her so furiously in the face with her right, that the blood soon began to trickle from her nose. Molly was not idle this while. She soon removed the clout from the head of Goody Brown, and then fastening on her hair with one hand, with the other she caused another bloody stream to issue forth from the nostrils of the enemy.

When each of the combatants had bore off sufficient spoils of hair from the head of her antagonist, the next rage was against their garments. In this attack they exerted so much violence, that in a very few minutes they were both naked to the middle.

It is lucky for the women, that the seat of fisticuff-war is not the same with them as among men; but though they may seem a little to deviate from their sex, when they go forth to battle, yet I have observed they never so far forget it, as to assail the bosoms of each other; where a few blows would be fatal to most of them. This, I know, some derive from their being of a more bloody inclination than the males. On which account they apply to the nose, as to the part whence blood may most easily be drawn; but this seems a far-fetched, as well as ill-natured supposition.

Goody Brown had great advantage of Molly in this particular; for the former had indeed no breasts, her bosom (if it may be so called) as well in colour as in many other properties, exactly resembling an ancient piece of parchment, upon which any one might have drummed a considerable while, without doing her any great damage.

Molly, besides her present unhappy condition, was differently formed in those parts, and might, perhaps, have tempted the envy of Brown to give her a fatal blow, had not the lucky arrival of Tom Jones

Jones at this instant put an immediate end to the bloody scene.

This accident was luckily owing to Mr. Square; for he, Master Blifil, and Jones, had mounted their horses, after church, to take the air, and had ridden about a quarter of a mile, when Square, changing his mind, (not idly, but for a reason which we shall unfold as soon as we have leisure) desired the young gentlemen to ride with him another way than they had at first purposed. This motion being complied with, brought them of necessity back again to the church-yard.

Master Blifil, who rode first, seeing such a mob assembled, and two women in the posture in which we left the combatants, stopt his horse to enquire what was the matter. A country-fellow, scratching his head, answered him; 'I don't know measter un't I; an't please your honour, here hath been a vight, I think, between Goody Brown and Moll Seagrim.' 'Who, who?' cries Tom; but without waiting for an answer, having discovered the features of his Molly through all the discomposure in which they now were, he hastily alighted, turned his horse loose, and leaping over the wall, ran to her. She now, first bursting into tears, told him how barbarously she had been treated. Upon which, forgetting the sex of Goody Brown, or perhaps not knowing it, in his rage; for, in reality, she had no feminine appearance, but a petticoat, which he might not observe, he gave her a lash or two with his horse-whip; and then flying at the mob, who were all accused by Moll, he dealt his blows so profusely on all sides, that, unless I would again invoke the Muses (which the good-natured reader may think a little too hard upon her, as she hath so lately been violently sweated) it would be impossible for me to recount the horse-whipping of that day.

Having scoured the whole coast of the enemy, as well as any of Homer's heroes ever did, or as Don

Quixote, or any knight-errant in the world could have done, he returned to Molly, whom he found in a condition, which must give both me and my reader pain, was it to be described here. Tom raved like a madman, beat his breast, tore his hair, stamped on the ground, and vowed the utmost vengeance on all who had been concerned. He then pulled off his coat, and buttoned it round her, put his hat upon her head, wiped the blood from her face as well as he could with his handkerchief, and called out to the servant to ride as fast as possible for a side-saddle, or a pillion, that he might carry her safe home.

Master Blifil objected to the sending away the servant, as they had only one with them; but as Square seconded the order of Jones, he was obliged to comply.

The servant returned in a very short time with the pillion, and Molly, having collected her rags as well as she could, was placed behind him. In which manner she was carried home, Square, Blifil, and Jones attending.

Here Jones, having received his coat, given her a fly kiss, and whispering her, that he would return in the evening, quitted his Molly, and rode on after his companions.

CHAP. IX.

Containing matter of no very peaceable colour.

MOLLY had no sooner apparelled herself in her accustomed rags, than her sisters began to fall violently upon her; particularly her eldest sister, who told her she was well enough served. 'How had she the assurance to wear a gown which young Madam Western had given to Mother! If one of us was to wear it, I think,' says she, 'I myself have the best right; but I warrant you think it belongs

' belongs to your beauty. I suppose you think
 ' yourself more handsome than any of us.' ' Hand
 ' her down the bit of glass from over the cupboard,'
 cries another; ' I'd wash the blood from my face be-
 ' fore I tauced of my beauty.' ' You'd better have
 ' minded what the parson says,' cries the eldest, ' and
 ' a not hearkened after men voke.' ' Indeed, child,
 ' and so she had,' says the mother sobbing, ' she hath
 ' brought a disgrace upon us all. She's the worst of
 ' the family that ever was a whore.' ' You need
 ' not upbraid me with that, mother,' cries Molly;
 ' you yourself was brought to-bed of sister there,
 ' within a week after you was married.' ' Yes,
 ' hussy,' answered the enraged mother, ' so I was,
 ' and what was the mighty matter of that? I was
 ' made an honest woman then; and if you was to be
 ' made an honest woman, I should not be angry;
 ' but you must have to do with a gentleman, you
 ' nasty slut, you will have a bastard, hussy, you will;
 ' and that I defy any one to say of me.'

In this situation Black George found his family,
 when he came home for the purpose before-men-
 tioned. As his wife and three daughters were all of
 them talking together, and most of them crying, it
 was some time before he could get an opportunity of
 being heard; but as soon as such an interval occurred,
 he acquainted the company with what Sophia had said
 to him.

Goody Seagrim then began to revile her daughter
 afresh. ' Here,' says she, ' you have brought us into
 ' a fine quandary indeed. What will madam say to
 ' that big belly? Oh that ever I should live to see
 ' this day!'

Molly answered with great spirit, ' And what is
 ' this mighty place which you have got for me, fa-
 ' ther?' (for he had not well understood the phrase
 used by Sophia of being about her person) ' I sup-
 ' pose it is to be under the cook; but I shan't wash
 ' dishes for any body. My gentleman will provide

' better for me. See what he hath given me this afternoon : he hath promised I shall never want money ; and you shan't want money neither, mother, if you will hold your tongue, and know when you are well.' And so saying, she pulled out several guineas, and gave her mother one of them.

The good woman no sooner felt the gold within her palm, than her temper began (such is the efficacy of that panacea) to be mollified. ' Why, husband,' says she, ' would any but such a blockhead as you, not have enquired what place this was before he had accepted it ? Perhaps, as Molly says, it may be in the kitchen, and truly I don't care my daughter should be a scullion-wench : for poor as I am, I am a gentlewoman. And thof I was obliged, as my father, who was a clergyman, died worse than nothing, and so could not give me a shilling of *Potion*, to undervalue myself, by marrying a poor man ; yet I would have you to know, I have a spirit above all them things. Marry come up ! it would better become Madam Western, to look at home, and remember who her own grandfather was. Some of my family, for ought I know, might ride in their coaches, when the grandfathers of some voke walked a-voot. I warrant she fancies she did a mighty matter when she sent us that old *gownd* ; some of my family would not have picked up such rags in the street : but poor people are always trampled upon.—The parish need not have been in such a flutter with Molly.—You might have told them, child, your grandmother wore better things new out of the shop.'

' Well, but consider,' cried George, ' What answer shall I make to madam ?' ' I don't know what answer,' says she : ' You are always bringing your family into one quandary or other. Do you remember when you shot the Partridge, the occasion of all our misfortunes ? Did not I advise
' wife

' wife you never to go into Squire Western's manor ?
' Did not I tell you many a good year ago what
' would come of it ? But you would have your
' own headstrong ways ; yes, you would, you vil-
' lain'——

Black George was, in the main, a peaceable kind of fellow, and nothing *choleric*, nor *rash*, yet did he bear about him something of what the ancients called the *Irafcible*, and which his wife, if she had been endowed with much *wisdom*, would have feared. He had long experienced, that when the storm grew very high, arguments were but wind, which served rather to encrease than to abate it. He was therefore seldom unprovided with a small switch, a remedy of wonderful force, as he had often essayed, and which the word villain served as a hint for his applying.

No sooner, therefore, had this symptom appeared, than he had immediate recourse to the said remedy, which, though, as it is usual in all very efficacious medicines, it at first seemed to heighten and inflame the disease, soon produced a total calm, and restored the patient to perfect ease and tranquillity.

This is, however, a kind of horse-medicine, which requires a very robust constitution to digest, and is therefore only proper for the vulgar, unless in one single instance, viz, where superiority of birth breaks out ; in which case, we should not think it very improperly applied by any husband whatever, if the application was not in itself so base, that, like certain applications of the physical kind which need not be mentioned, it so much degrades and contaminates the hand employed in it, that no gentleman should endure the thought of any thing so low and detestable.

The whole family were soon reduced to a state of perfect quiet : for the virtue of this medicine, like that of electricity, is often communicated through

one person to many others, who are not touched by the instrument. To say the truth, as they both operate by friction, it may be doubted whether there is not something analogous between them, of which Mr. Freke would do well to enquire, before he publishes the next edition of his book.

A council was now called, in which, after many debates, Molly still persisting that she would not go to service, it was at length resolved, that Goody Seagrim herself should wait on Miss Western, and endeavour to procure the place for her elder daughter, who declared great readiness to accept it: but fortune, who seems to have been an enemy of this little family, afterwards put a stop to her promotion.

CHAP. X.

A story told by Mr. Supple, the curate. The peneration of Squire Western. His great love for his daughter, and the return to it made by her.

THE next morning Tom Jones hunted with Mr. Western, and was at his return invited by that gentleman to dinner.

The lovely Sophia shone forth that day with more gaiety and sprightliness than usual. Her batterie was certainly levelled at our hero; though, I believe, she herself scarce yet knew her own intention; but if she had any design of charming him, she now succeeded.

Mr. Supple, the curate of Mr. Allworthy's parish, made one of the company. He was a good natured worthy man; but chiefly remarkable for his great taciturnity at table, though his mouth was never shut at it. In short, he had one of the best appetites in the world. However, the cloth was no sooner taken away, than he always made sufficient amends for his silence;

silence: for he was a very hearty fellow; and his conversation was often entertaining; never offensive.

At his first arrival, which was immediately before the entrance of the roast beef, he had given an intimation, that he had brought some news with him, and was beginning to tell, that he came that moment from Mr. Allworthy's, when the sight of the roast beef struck him dumb, permitting him only to say grace, and to declare, he must pay his respect to the baronet: for so he called the sirloin.

When dinner was over, being reminded by Sophia of his news, he began as follows: 'I believe, lady, your ladyship observed a young woman at church yesterday at even-song, who was drest in one of your outlandish garments; I think I have seen your ladyship in such a one. However, in the country, such dresses are

' *Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cycno;*

' That is, madam, as much as to say,

' A rare bird upon the earth, and very like a black swan.

' The verse is in Juvenal: but to return to what I was relating. I was saying such garments are rare sights in the country; and perchance too, it was thought the more rare, respect being had to the person who wore it, who, they tell me, is the daughter of Black George, your worship's game-keeper, whose sufferings I should have opined, might have taught him more wit, than to dress forth his wenches in such gaudy apparel. She created so much confusion in the congregation, that if Squire Allworthy had not silenced it, it would have interrupted the service: for I was once about to stop in the middle of the first lesson. Howbeit,

' never-

‘ nevertheless, after prayer was over, and I was departed home, this occasioned a battle in the church-yard, where, amongst other mischief, the head of a travelling fidler was very much broken. This morning the fidler came to Squire Allworthy for a warrant, and the wench was brought before him. The Squire was inclined to have compounded matters; when, lo! on a sudden, the wench appeared (I ask your ladyship’s pardon) to be, as it were, at the eve of bringing forth a bastard. The squire demanded of her who was the father? But she pertinaciously refused to make any response: so that he was about to make her mittimus to Bridewell, when I departed.’

‘ And is a wench having a bastard all your news, doctor?’ cries Western. ‘ I thought it might have been some public matter, something about the nation.’

‘ I am afraid it is too common, indeed,’ answered the parson, ‘ but I thought the whole story altogether deserved commemorating. As to national matters, your lordship knows them best. My concerns extend no farther than my own parish.’

‘ Why, ay,’ says the Squire, ‘ I believe I do know a little of that matter, as you say; but come, Tommy, drink about, the bottle stands with you.’

Tom begged to be excused, for that he had particular business; and getting up from table, escapes the clutches of the Squire, who was rising to stop him, and went off with very little ceremony.

The Squire gave him a good curse at his departure; and then turning to the parson, he cried out, ‘ I smoke it, I smoke it: Tom is certainly the father of this bastard. Zooks, parson, you remember how he recommended the weather o’her to me,—D—n un, what a sly b—ch ’tis. Ay, ay, as sure as twopence, Tom is the weather of the bastard.’

‘ I should

'I should be very sorry for that,' says the parson.
 'Why sorry?' cries the Squire, 'Where is the mighty
 matter o't? What, I suppose, dost pretend that
 thee hast never got a bastard? Pox! more good
 luck's thine; for I warrant hast a done *therefore*
 many's the good time and often.' 'Your worship
 is pleased to be jocular,' answered the parson, 'but
 I do not only animadvert on the sinfulness of the
 action, though that surely is to be greatly deprec-
 ated; but I fear his unrighteousness may injure him
 with Mr. Allworthy. And truly I must say,
 though he hath the character of being a little wild,
 I never saw any harm in the young man; nor can
 I say I have heard any, save what your worship
 now mentions. I wish, indeed, he was a little
 more regular in his responses at church; but alto-
 gether he seems

'Ingenui vultus puer ingenuique pudoris.

'That is a classical line, young lady, and being
 rendered into English, is, 'A lad of an ingenuous
 countenance, and of an ingenuous modesty:' for
 this was a virtue in great repute both among the
 Latins and Greeks. I must say the young gentle-
 man (for so I think I may call him, notwithstand-
 ing his birth) appears to me a very modest civil
 lad, and I should be sorry that he should do him-
 self any injury in Squire Allworthy's opinion.'

'Poogh!' says the squire, 'injury with Allwor-
 thy! Why, Allworthy loves a wench himself.
 Doth not all the country know whose son Tom is?
 You must talk to another person in that manner.
 I remember Allworthy at college.'

'I thought,' said the parson, 'he had never been
 at the university.'

'Yes, yes, he was,' says the Squire, 'and many a
 wench have we two had together. As arrant a
 'whore-

‘whoremaster as any within five miles o’ un. No’
 ‘no. It will do’n no harm with he, assure your’
 ‘self; nor with any body else. Ask Sophy there—
 ‘You have not the worse opinion of a young fellow
 ‘for getting a bastard, have you, girl? No, no, the
 ‘women will like un the better for’t.’

This was a cruel question to poor Sophia. She had observed Tom’s colour change at the parson’s story; and that, with his hasty and abrupt departure, gave her sufficient reason to think her father’s suspicion not groundless. Her heart now, at once, discovered the great secret to her, which it had been so long disclosing by little and little; and she found herself highly interested in this matter. In such a situation, her father’s malapert question rushing suddenly upon her, produced some symptoms which might have alarmed a suspicious heart; but to do the Squire justice, that was not his fault. When she rose, therefore, from her chair, and told him, a hint from him was always sufficient to make her withdraw, he suffered her to leave the room; and then with great gravity of countenance remarked, ‘That it was better
 ‘to see a daughter over-modest, than over-forward;’ a sentiment which was highly applauded by the parson.

There now ensued between the Squire and the parson, a most excellent political discourse, framed out of newspapers and political pamphlets; in which they made a libation of four bottles of wine to the good of their country; and then, the Squire being fast asleep, the parson lighted his pipe, mounted his horse, and rode home.

When the Squire had finished his half-hour’s nap, he summoned his daughter to her harpsichord; but she begged to be excused that evening, on account of a violent head-ach. This remission was presently granted: for indeed she seldom had occasion to ask him twice, as he loved her with such ardent affection, that by gratifying her, he commonly conveyed the highest gratification to himself. She was really what
 he

he frequently called her, his little darling; and she well deserved to be so : for she returned all his affection in the most ample manner. She had preserved the most inviolable duty to him in all things; and this her love made not only easy, but so delightful, that when one of her companions laughed at her, for placing so much merit in such scrupulous obedience, as that young lady called it, Sophia answered, You, ' mistake me, Madam, if you think I value myself ' upon this account : for besides that I am barely ' discharging my duty, I am likewise pleasing myself. ' I can truly say, I have no delight equal to that of ' contributing to my father's happiness; and if I ' value myself, my dear, it is on having this power, ' and not on executing it.'

This was a satisfaction, however, which poor Sophia was incapable of tasting this evening. She therefore not only desired to be excused from her attendance at the harpsichord, but likewise begged that he would suffer her to absent herself from supper. To this request likewise the Squire agreed, though not without some reluctance ; for he scarce ever permitted her to be out of his sight, unless when he was engaged with his horses, dogs, or bottle. Nevertheless he yielded to the desire of his daughter, though the poor man was, at the same time, obliged to avoid his own company, (if I may so express myself) by sending for a neighbouring farmer to sit with him.

C H A P. XI.

The narrow escape of Molly Seagrim, with some observations for which we have been forced to dive pretty deep into nature.

TOM Jones had ridden one of Mr. Western's horses that morning in the chace; so that having no horse of his own in the Squire's stable, he was obliged to go home on foot. This he did so expeditiously, that he ran upwards of three miles within the half hour.

Just as he arrived at Mr. Allworthy's outward gate, he met the constable and company, with Molly in their possession, whom they were conducting to that house where the inferior sort of people may learn one good lesson, viz. Respect and deference to their superiors: since it must shew them the wide distinction fortune intends between those persons who are to be corrected for their faults, and those who are not; which lesson, if they do not learn, I am afraid, they very rarely learn any other good lesson, or improve their morals, at the house of correction.

A lawyer may, perhaps, think Mr. Allworthy exceeded his authority a little in this instance. And, to say the truth, I question, as here was no regular information before him, whether his conduct was strictly regular. However, as his intention was truly upright, he ought to be excused in *foro conscientia*; since so many arbitrary acts are daily committed by magistrates, who have not this excuse to plead for themselves.

Tom was no sooner informed by the constable whither they were proceeding, (indeed he pretty well guessed it of himself) than he caught Molly in his arms, and embracing her tenderly before them all, swore he would murder the first man who offered

to

to lay hold of her. He bid her dry her eyes and be comforted; for wherever she went, he would accompany her. Then turning to the constable, who stood trembling with his hat off, he desired him in a very mild voice, to return with him for a moment only to his father; (so he now called Allworthy) for he durst, he said, be assured, that when he had acknowledged what he had to say in her favour, the girl would be discharged.

The constable, who, I make no doubt, would have surrendered his prisoner, had Tom demanded her, very readily consented to this request. So back they all went into Mr. Allworthy's Hall; where Tom desired them to stay till his return, and then went himself in pursuit of the good man. As soon as he was found, Tom threw himself at his feet, and having begged a patient hearing, confessed himself to be the father of the child of which Molly was then big. He entreated him to have compassion on the poor girl, and to consider if there was any guilt in the case, it lay principally at his door.

'If there is any guilt in the case!' answered Allworthy warmly, 'are you then so profligate and abandoned a libertine, to doubt whether the breaking the laws of God and man, the corrupting and ruining a poor girl, be guilt? I own indeed it doth lie principally upon you, and so heavy it is, that you ought to expect it should crush you.'

'Whatever may be my fate,' says Tom, 'let me succeed in my intercessions for the poor girl. I confess I have corrupted her; but whether she shall be ruined, depends on you. For Heaven's sake, Sir, revoke your warrant, and do not send her to a place which must unavoidably prove her destruction.'

Allworthy bid him immediately call a servant. Tom answered there was no occasion; for he had luckily met them at the gate, and relying upon his goodness, had brought them all back into his hall, where

where they now waited his final resolution, which, upon his knees, he besought him might be in favour of the girl; that she might be permitted to go home to her parents, and not be exposed to a greater degree of shame and scorn than must necessarily fall upon her. 'I know,' said he, 'that is too much. I know I am the wicked occasion of it. I will endeavour to make amends if possible; and if you shall have hereafter the goodness to forgive me, I hope I shall deserve it.'

Allworthy hesitated some time, and at last said, 'Well, I will discharge my mittimus—You may send the constable to me.' He was instantly called, discharged, and so was the girl.

It will be believed, that Mr. Allworthy failed not to read Tom a very severe lecture on this occasion; but it is unnecessary to insert it here, as we have faithfully transcribed what he said to Jenny Jones in the first book, most of which may be applied to the men equally with the women. So sensible an effect had these reproofs on the young man, who was no hardened sinner, that he retired to his own room, where he passed the evening alone, in much melancholy contemplation.

Allworthy was sufficiently offended by this transgression of Jones; for, notwithstanding the assertion of Mr. Western, it is certain, this worthy man had never indulged himself in any loose pleasures with women, and greatly condemned the vice of incontinence in others. Indeed there is much reason to imagine, that there was not the least truth in what Mr. Western affirmed, especially as he laid the scene of those impurities at the university, where Mr. Allworthy had never been. In fact, the good squire was a little too apt to indulge that kind of pleasantry, which is generally called rhodomontade; but which may, with as much propriety, be expressed by a much shorter word; and perhaps we too often supply the use of this little monosyllable by others;
since

since very much of what frequently passes in the world for wit and humour, should, in the strictest purity of language, receive that short appellation, which, in conformity to the well-bred laws of custom, I here suppress.

But whatever detestation Mr. Allworthy had to this or any other vice, he was not so blinded by it, but that he could discern any virtue in the guilty person, as clearly indeed as if there had been no mixture of vice in the same character. While he was angry therefore with the incontinence of Jones, he was no less pleased with the honour and honesty of his self-accusation. He began now to form in his mind the same opinion of this young fellow, which, we hope, our reader may have conceived. And in balancing the faults with his perfections, the latter seemed rather to preponderate.

It was to no purpose therefore that Thwackum, who was immediately charged by Mr. Blifil with the story, unbended all his rancour against poor Tom. Allworthy gave a patient hearing to their invectives, and then answered coldly; 'That young men of Tom's complexion were too generally addicted to this vice; but he believed that youth was sincerely affected with what he had said to him on the occasion, and he hoped he would not transgress again.' So that, as the days of whipping were at an end, the tutor had no other vent but his own mouth for his gall, the usual poor resource of impotent revenge.

But Square, who was a less violent, was a much more artful man; and as he hated Jones more, perhaps than Thwackum himself did, so he contrived to do him more mischief in the mind of Mr. Allworthy.

The reader must remember the several little incidents of the partridge, the horse and the bible, which were recounted in the second book; by all which Jones had rather improved than injured the affection which

which Mr. Allworthy was inclined to entertain for him. The same, I believe, must have happened to him with every other person who hath any idea of friendship, generosity, and greatness of spirit; that is to say, who hath any traces of goodness in his mind.

Square himself was not unacquainted with the true impression which those several instances of goodness had made on the excellent heart of Allworthy; for the philosopher very well knew what virtue was, though he was not always perhaps steady in its pursuit: but as for Thwackum, from what reason I will not determine, no such thoughts ever entered into his head. He saw Jones in a bad light, and he imagined Allworthy saw him in the same; but that he resolved, from pride and stubbornness of spirit, not to give up the boy whom he had once cherished; since, by so doing, he must tacitly acknowledge that his former opinion of him had been wrong.

Square therefore embraced this opportunity of injuring Jones in the tenderest part, by giving a very bad turn to all those before mentioned occurrences. 'I am sorry, Sir,' said he, 'to own, I have been deceived as well as yourself. I could not, I confess, help being pleased with what I ascribed to the motive of friendship, though it was carried to an excess, and all excess is faulty and vicious; but in this I made allowance for youth. Little did I suspect that the sacrifice of truth, which we both imagined to have been made to friendship, was, in reality, a prostitution of it to a depraved and debauched appetite. You now plainly see, whence all the seeming generosity of this young man to the family of the game-keeper proceeded. He supported the father, in order to corrupt the daughter, and preserved the family from starving, to bring one of them to shame and ruin. This is friendship! this is generosity! As Sir Richard Steele says, Gluttons who give high prices for delicacies, are
very

'very worthy to be called generous' In short, I
'am resolved, from this instance never to give way
'to the weakness of human nature more, nor to
'think any thing virtue which doth not exactly qua-
'drate with the unerring rule of right.'

The goodness of Allworthy had prevented those considerations from occurring to himself; yet were they too plausible to be absolutely and hastily rejected, when laid before his eyes by another. Indeed, what Square had said, sunk very deeply into his mind, and the uneasiness which it there created, was very easily visible to the other; though the good man would not acknowledge this, but made a very slight answer, and forcibly drove off the discourse to some other subject. It was well, perhaps, for poor Tom, that no such suggestions had been made before he was pardoned; for they certainly stamped in the mind of Allworthy the first bad impression concerning Jones.

C H A P. XII.

Containing much clearer matters; but which flow from the same fountain with those in the preceding chapter.

THE reader will be pleased, I believe, to return with me to Sophia. She passed the night, after we saw her last, in no very agreeable manner. Sleep befriended her but little, and dreams less. In the morning, when Mrs. Honour her maid attended her at the usual hour, she was found already up and dressed.

Persons who live two or three miles distance in the country, are considered as next door neighbours, and transactions at the one house fly with incredible celerity to the other. Mrs. Honour, therefore, had heard the whole story of Molly's shame; which she, being of a very communicative temper, had no sooner entered

tered the apartment of her mistress, than she began to relate in the following manner :

‘ La, Ma’am, what doth your ladyship think ? the girl that your la’ship saw at church on Sunday, whom you thought so handsome : though you would not have thought her so handsome neither, if you had seen her nearer ; but to be sure she hath been carried before the justice for being big with child. She seemed to me to look like a confident slut ; and to be sure she hath laid the child to young Mr. Jones. And all the parish says Mr. Allworthy is so angry with young Mr. Jones, that he won’t see him. To be sure, one can’t help pitying the poor young man, and yet he doth not deserve much pity neither, for demeaning himself with such kind of trumpery. Yet he is so pretty a gentleman, I should be sorry to have him turned out of doors. I dares to swear the wench was as willing as he ; for she was always a forward kind of body. And when wenches are so coming, young men are not so much to be blamed neither ; for to be sure they do no more than what is natural. Indeed it is beneath them to meddle with such dirty draggle-tails ; and whatever happens to them, it is good enough for them. And yet to be sure the vile baggages are most in fault. I wishes, with all my heart, they were well to be whipped at the cart’s tail ; for it is pity they should be the ruin of a pretty young gentleman ; and nobody can deny but that Mr. Jones is one of the most handsomest young men that ever —’

She was running on thus, when Sophia, with a more peevish voice than she had ever spoken to her in before, cried, ‘ Prithee, why do’st thou trouble me with all this stuff ? What concern have I in what Mr. Jones doth ? I suppose you are all alike. And you seem to me to be angry it was not your own case.’

‘ I, Ma’am,

‘I, Ma’am!’ answered Mrs. Honour; ‘I am sorry
 ‘your ladyship should have such an opinion of me.
 ‘I am sure no body can say any such thing of me.
 ‘All the young fellows in the world may go to the
 ‘Devil, for me. Because I said he was a handsome
 ‘man!’ Every body says it as well as I.—To be sure
 ‘I never thought as it was any harm to say a young
 ‘man was handsome; but to be sure I shall never
 ‘think him so any more now; for handsome is, that
 ‘handsome does. A beggar wench!’

‘Stop thy torrent of impertinence,’ cries Sophia,
 ‘and see whether my father wants me at breakfast,’

‘Mrs. Honour then flung out of the room, muttering much to herself——of which——‘Marry come up, I assure you,’ was all that could be plainly distinguished.

Whether Mrs. Honour really deserved that suspicion, of which her mistress gave her a hint, is a matter which we cannot indulge our reader’s curiosity by resolving. We will however make him amends, in disclosing what passed in the mind of Sophia.

The reader will be pleased to recollect, that a secret affection for Mr. Jones had insensibly stolen into the bosom of this young lady; that it had there grown to a pretty great height before she herself had discovered it. When she first began to perceive its symptoms, the sensations were so sweet and pleasing, that she had not resolution sufficient to check or repel them; and thus she went on cherishing a passion of which she never once considered the consequences.

This incident relating to Molly, first opened her eyes. She now first perceived the weakness of which she had been guilty; and though it caused the utmost perturbation in her mind, yet it had the effect of other nauseous physic, and for the time expelled her distemper. Its operation indeed was most wonderfully quick: and in the short interval, while her maid was absent, so entirely removed all symptoms, that when Mrs. Honour returned with a summons

from her father, she was become perfectly easy, and had brought herself to a thorough indifference for Mr. Jones.

The diseases of the mind do in almost every particular imitate those of the body. For which reason, we hope that learned faculty, for whom we have so profound a respect, will pardon us the violent hands we have been necessitated to lay on several words and phrases, which of right belong to them, and without which our descriptions must have been often unintelligible.

Now there is no one circumstance in which the distempers of the mind bear a more exact analogy to those which are called bodily, than that aptness which both have to a relapse. This is plain, in the violent diseases of ambition and avarice. I have known ambition, when cured at court by frequent disappointments, (which are the only physic for it) to break out again in a contest for foreman of the grand jury at an assizes; and have heard of a man who had so far conquered avarice, as to give away many a sixpence, that comforted himself, at last, on his death-bed, by making a crafty and advantageous bargain concerning his ensuing funeral, with an undertaker who had married his only child.

In the affair of love, which, out of strict conformity with the Stoic philosophy, we shall here treat as a disease, this proneness to relapse is no less conspicuous. Thus it happened to poor Sophia; upon whom, the very next time she saw young Jones, all the former symptoms returned, and from that time cold and hot fits alternately seized her heart.

The situation of this young lady was now very different from what it had ever been before. That passion, which had formerly been so exquisitely delicious, became a scorpion in her bosom. She resisted it therefore with her utmost force, and summoned every argument her reason (which was surprisingly strong for her age) could suggest, to subdue and ex-

pel it. In this she so far succeeded, that she began to hope from time and absence a perfect cure. She resolved therefore to avoid Tom Jones as much as possible; for which purpose she began to conceive a design of visiting her aunt, to which she made no doubt of obtaining her father's consent.

But Fortune, who had other designs in her head, put an immediate stop to any such proceeding, by introducing an accident, which will be related in the next chapter.

C H A P. XIII.

A dreadful accident which befel Sophia. The gallant behaviour of Jones, and the more dreadful consequence of that behaviour to the young lady; with a short digression in favour of the female sex.

MR. Western grew every day fonder and fonder of Sophia, insomuch that his beloved dogs themselves almost gave place to her in his affections; but as he could not prevail on himself to abandon these, he contrived very cunningly to enjoy their company, together with that of his daughter, by insisting on her riding a hunting with him.

Sophia, to whom her father's word was a law, readily complied with his desires, though she had not the least delight in a sport, which was of too rough and masculine a nature to suit with her disposition. She had, however, another motive, beside her obedience, to accompany the old gentleman in the chace; for by her presence she hoped in some measure to restrain his impetuosity, and to prevent him from so frequently exposing his neck to the utmost hazard.

The strongest objection was that which would have formerly been an inducement to her, namely, the frequent meeting with young Jones, whom she

had determined to avoid ; but as the end of the hunting season now approached, she hoped, by a short absence with her aunt, to reason herself entirely out of her unfortunate passion ; and had not any doubt of being able to meet him in the field the subsequent season, without the least danger.

On the second day of her hunting, as she was returning from the chace, and was arrived within a little distance from Mr. Western's House, her horse, whose mettlesome spirit required a better rider, fell suddenly to prancing and capering, in such a manner, that she was in the most imminent peril of falling. Tom Jones, who was at a little distance behind, saw this, and immediately galloped up to her assistance. As soon as he came up, he immediately leapt from his own horse, and caught hold of her's by the bridle. The unruly beast presently reared himself an end on his hind legs, and threw his lovely burthen from his back, and Jones caught her in his arms.

She was so affected with the fright, that she was not so immediately able to satisfy Jones, who was very solicitous to know whether she had received any hurt. She soon after, however, recovered her spirits, assured him she was safe, and thanked him for the care he had taken of her. Jones answered, ' If I have preserved you, Madam, I am sufficiently repaid ; for I promise you, I would have secured you from the least harm, at the expence of a much greater misfortune to myself, than I have suffered on this occasion.

' What misfortune,' replied Sophia eagerly, ' I hope you have come to no mischief !'

' Be not concerned, Madam,' answered Jones, ' Heaven be praised, you have escaped so well, considering the danger you was in. If I have broke my arm, I consider it as a trifle, in comparison of what I feared upon your account.

Sophia

Sophia then screamed out, 'Broke your arm! Heaven forbid.'

'I am afraid I have, Madam,' says Jones, 'but beg you will suffer me first to take care of you. I have a right-hand yet at your service, to help you into the next field, whence we have but a very little walk to your father's house.'

Sophia seeing his left arm dangling by his side, while he was using the other to lead her, no longer doubted of the truth: She now grew much paler than her fears for herself had made her before. All her limbs were seized with a trembling, insomuch that Jones could scarce support her; and as her thoughts were in no less agitation, she could not refrain from giving Jones a look so full of tenderness, that it almost argued a stronger sensation in her mind, than even gratitude and pity united can raise in the gentlest female bosom, without the assistance of a third more powerful passion.

Mr. Western, who was advanced at some distance when this accident happened, was now returned, as were the rest of the horsemen. Sophia immediately acquainted them with what had befallen Jones, and begged them to take care of him. Upon which, Western, who had been much alarmed, by meeting his daughter's horse without its rider, and was now overjoyed to find her unhurt, cried out, 'I am glad it is no worse, if Tom hath broken his arm, we will get a joiner to mend un again.'

The squire alighted from his horse, and proceeded to his house on foot, with his daughter and Jones. An impartial spectator, who had met them on the way, would, on viewing their several countenances, have concluded Sophia alone to have been the object of compassion: for as to Jones, he exulted in having probably saved the life of the young lady, at the price only of a broken bone; and Mr. Western, though he was not unconcerned at the accident which had

befallen Jones, was, however, delighted in a much higher degree with the fortunate escape of his daughter.

The generosity of Sophia's temper construed this behaviour of Jones into great bravery; and it made a deep impression on her heart: for certain it is, that there is no one quality which so generally recommends men to women as this; proceeding, if we believe the common opinion, from that natural timidity of the sex; which is, says Mr. Osborne, so great that a woman is 'the most cowardly of all the creatures God ever made.' A sentiment more remarkable for its bluntness, than for its truth. Aristotle, in his politicks, doth them, I believe, more justice, when he says, 'The modesty and fortitude of men differ from those virtues in women; for the fortitude which becomes a woman, would be cowardice in a man; and the modesty which becomes a man, would be pertness in a woman.' Nor is there, perhaps, more of truth in the opinion of those who derive the partiality which women are inclined to shew to the brave, from this excess of their fear, Mr. Bayle (I think, in his article of Helen) imputes this, and with greater probability, to their violent love of glory: for the truth of which, we have the authority of him, who, of all others, saw farthest into human Nature; and who introduces the heroine of his *Odyssy*, the great pattern of matrimonial love and constancy, assigning the glory of her husband as the only source of her affection towards him*.

However this be, certain it is that the accident operated very strongly on Sophia; and, indeed, after much enquiry into the matter, I am inclined to believe, that at this very time the charming Sophia made no less impression on the heart of Jones: to say the truth, he had for some time become sensible of the irresistible power of her charms.

C H A P.

* The English reader will not find this in the poem: for the sentiment is entirely left out in the translation.

C H A P. XIV.

The arrival of a surgeon. His operations, and a long dialogue between Sophia and her maid.

WHEN they arrived in Mr. Western's hall, Sophia, who had tottered along with much difficulty, sunk down in a chair; but by the assistance of hartshorn and water, she was prevented from fainting away, and had pretty well recovered her spirits, when the surgeon, who was sent for to Jones, appeared. Mr. Western, who imputed these symptoms in his daughter to her fall, advised her to be presently blooded by way of prevention. In this opinion he was seconded by the surgeon, who gave so many reasons for bleeding, and quoted many cases where persons had miscarried for want of it, that the Squire became very importunate, and indeed insisted peremptorily that his daughter should be blooded.

Sophia soon yielded to the commands of her father, though entirely contrary to her own inclinations: for she suspected, I believe, less danger from the fright than either the Squire or the surgeon. She then stretched out her beautiful arm, and the operator began to prepare for his work.

While the servants were busied in providing materials, the surgeon, who imputed the backwardness which had appeared in Sophia, to her fears, began to comfort her with assurances that there was not the least danger; for no accident, he said, could ever happen in bleeding, but from the monstrous ignorance of pretenders to surgery, which he pretty plainly insinuated was not at present to be apprehended. Sophia declared she was not under the least apprehension; adding, if you open an artery, I promise you I will forgive you. 'Will you?' cries Western. 'D—n me, if I will; if he does thee the least mischief, I d—n me, if I don't ha' the heart's blood o'un out.'

The surgeon assented to bleed her upon these conditions, and then proceeded to his operation, which he performed with as much dexterity as he had promised, and with as much quickness: for he took but little blood from her, saying, it was much safer to bleed again and again, than to take away too much at once.

Sophia, when her arm was bound up, retired: for she was not willing (nor was it, perhaps, strictly decent) to be present at the operation on Jones. Indeed one objection which she had to bleeding, (though she did not make it) was the delay which it would occasion to dressing the broken bone. For Western, when Sophia was concerned, had no consideration, but for her; and as for Jones himself, he 'sat like Patience on a monument smiling at Grief.' To say the truth, when he saw the blood springing from the lovely arm of Sophia, he scarce thought of what had happened to himself.

The surgeon now ordered his patient to be stripped to his shirt, and then entirely baring the arm, he began to stretch and examine it, in such a manner, that the tortures he put him to caused Jones to make several wry faces; which the surgeon observing, greatly wondered at, crying, 'What is the matter, Sir? I am sure it is impossible I should hurt you.' And then holding forth the broken arm, he began a long and very learned lecture of anatomy, in which simple and double fractures were most accurately considered; and the several ways in which Jones might have broken his arm, were discussed, with proper annotations, shewing how many of these would have been better, and how many worse than the present case.

Having at length finished his laboured harangue, with which the audience, though it had greatly raised their attention and admiration, were not much edified, as they really understood not a single syllable of all he had said, he proceeded to business, which he was

more

more expeditious in finishing, than he had been in beginning.

Jones was then ordered into a bed, which Mr. Western compelled him to accept at his own house, and sentence of water-gruel was passed upon him.

Among the good company which had attended in the hall during the bone-setting, Mrs. Honour was one; who being summoned to her mistress as soon as it was over, and asked by her how the young gentleman did, presently launched into extravagant praises on the *magnimity*, as she called it, of his behaviour, which, she said, 'was so charming in so pretty a creature.' She then burst forth into much warmer encomiums on the beauty of his person; enumerating many particulars, and ending with the whiteness of his skin.

This discourse had an effect on Sophia's countenance, which would not perhaps have escaped the observance of the sagacious waiting-woman, had she once looked her mistress in the face, all the time she was speaking; but as a looking-glass, which was most commodiously placed opposite to her, gave her an opportunity of surveying those features, in which of all others, she took most delight; so she had not once removed her eyes from that amiable object during her whole speech.

Mrs. Honour was so entirely wrapped up in the subject on which she exercised her tongue, and the object before her eyes, that she gave her mistress time to conquer her confusion; which having done, she smiled on her maid, and told her, 'She was certainly in love with this young fellow.'—'I in love, Ma'am!' answers she, 'upon my word, Ma'am, I assure you, Ma'am, upon my soul, Ma'am, I am not.'—'Why if you was,' cries her mistress, 'I see no reason that you should be ashamed of it; for he is certainly a pretty fellow.'—'Yes, Ma'am,' answered the other, 'that he is, the most handsomest man I ever saw in my life. Yes to be sure, that

' that he is, and, as your Ladyship says, I don't
 ' know why I should be ashamed of loving him,
 ' though he is my betters. To be sure, gentle folks
 ' are but flesh and blood no more than us servants.
 ' Besides, as for Mr. Jones, thof Squire Allworthy
 ' hath made a gentleman of him, he was not so good
 ' as myself by birth: for thof I am a poor body, I
 ' am an honest person's child, and my father and
 ' mother were married, which is more than some
 ' people can say, as high as they hold their heads.
 ' Marry come up! I assure you, my dirty cousin!
 ' thof his skin be so white, and to be sure, it is the
 ' most whitest that ever was seen, I am a Christian
 ' as well as he, and nobody can say that I am base-
 ' born; my grand-father was a clergyman*, and
 ' would have been very angry, I believe, to have
 ' thought any of his family should have taken up
 ' with Molly Seagrim's dirty leavings.'

Perhaps Sophia might have suffered her maid to
 run on in this manner, from wanting sufficient spirits
 to stop her tongue, which the reader may probably
 conjecture was no very easy task: for, certainly there
 were some passages in her speech, which were far
 from being agreeable to the lady. However, she
 now checked the torrent, as there seemed no end
 of its flowing. ' I wonder,' says she, ' at your
 ' assurance in daring to talk thus of one of my father's
 ' friends. As to the wench, I order you never to
 ' mention her name to me. And, with regard to
 ' the young gentleman's birth, those who can say
 ' nothing more to his disadvantage, may as well be
 ' silent on that head, as I desire you will for the
 ' future.'

' I am

* This is the second person of low condition whom
 we have recorded in this history, to have sprung from
 the clergy. It is to be hoped such instances will, in
 future ages, when some provision is made for the
 families of the inferior clergy, appear stranger than
 they can be thought at present.

‘ I am sorry, I have offended your ladyship,’ answered Mrs. Honour; ‘ I am sure I hate Molly Seagrim as much as your ladyship can, and as for abusing ’Squire Jones, I can call all the servants in the house to witness, that whenever any talk hath been about bastards, I have always taken his part: for which of you, says I to the footman, would not be a bastard, if he could, to be made a gentleman of? And, says I, I am sure he is a very fine gentleman; and he hath one of the whitest hands in the world: for to be sure so he hath; and, says I, one of the sweetest temperedest, best naturedest men in the world he is; and, says I, all the servants and neighbours all round the country loves him. And, to be sure, I could tell your ladyship something, but that I am afraid it would offend you.’—‘ What could you tell me, Honour?’ says Sophia. ‘ Nay, Ma’am, to be sure he meant nothing by it; therefore I would not have your ladyship be offended.’—‘ Prithee tell me,’ says Sophia,—‘ I will know it this instant.’ ‘ Why, Ma’am,’ answered Mrs. Honour, ‘ he came into the room one day last week when I was at work, and there lay your ladyship’s muff on a chair, and to be sure he put his hands into it, that very muff your ladyship gave me but yesterday. La, says I, Mr. Jones, you will stretch my lady’s muff and spoil it; but he still kept his hands in it, and then he kissed it—to be sure, I hardly ever saw such a kiss in my life as he gave it.’—‘ I suppose he did not know it was mine,’ replied Sophia. ‘ Your ladyship shall hear, Ma’am. He kissed it again and again, and said it was the prettiest muff in the world. La! Sir, says I, you have seen it a hundred times.—Yes, Mrs. Honour, cry’d he, but who can see any thing beautiful in the presence of your lady but herself? Nay, that’s not all neither; but I hope your ladyship won’t be offended, for to be sure he mean’t nothing: one day as your ladyship was playing on the

' harpsichord to my master, Mr. Jones was sitting in
 ' the next room, and methought he looked melan-
 ' choly. La! says I, Mr. Jones, what's the matter?
 ' A penny for your thoughts, says I. Why, huffy,
 ' says he, starting up as from a dream, what can I be
 ' thinking of, when that angel your mistress is play-
 ' ing? And then squeezing me by the hand—Oh!
 ' Mrs. Honour, says he, how happy will that man
 ' be!—and then he sighed; upon my troth, his
 ' breath is as sweet as a nosegay—but to be sure he
 ' meant no harm by it. So I hope your ladyship
 ' will not mention a word: for he gave me a crown
 ' never to mention it, and made me swear upon a
 ' book; but I believe, indeed, it was not the Bible.'

Till something of a more beautiful red than vermi-
 lion be found out, I shall say nothing of Sophia's col-
 our on this occasion. ' Ho—nour,' says she, ' I—
 ' if you will not mention this any more to me,—nor
 ' to any body else, I will not betray you—I mean,
 ' I will not be angry; but am afraid of your tongue.
 ' Why, my girl, will you give it such liberties?
 ' Nay, Ma'am,' answered she, ' to be sure, I would
 ' sooner cut out my tongue than offend your lady-
 ' ship—to be sure, I shall never mention a word that
 ' your ladyship will not have me.' '—Why, I
 ' would not have you mention this any more,' said
 Sophia, ' for it may come to my father's ears, and
 ' he would be angry with Mr. Jones, though I real-
 ' ly believe, as you say, he meant nothing. I shall
 ' be very angry myself if I imagined'—Nay,
 ' ma'm, says Honour, I protest I believe he
 ' meant nothing. I thought he talked as if he
 ' was out of his senses; nay, he said he believed
 ' he was beside himself when he had spoken the
 ' words. Aye, Sir, says I, I believe so too. Yes,
 ' says he, Honour,—but I ask your ladyship's par-
 ' don; I could tear my tongue out for offend-
 ' ing you.' ' Go on,' says Sophia, ' you may
 ' mention any thing you have not told me before.'

' Yes,

‘ Yes, Honour, says he, (this was some time afterwards when he gave me the crown) I am neither such a coxcomb, or such a villain as to think of her, in any other *delight*, but as my goddess; as such I will always worship and adore her while I have breath. This was all, Ma’am, I will be sworn, to the best of my remembrance: I was in a passion with him myself, till I found he meant no harm.’ ‘ Indeed, Honour,’ says Sophia ‘ I believe you have a real affection for me; I was provoked the other day when I gave you warning; but if you have a desire to stay with me, you shall. To be sure, Ma’am,’ answered Mrs. Honour, ‘ I shall never desire to part with your ladyship. To be sure, I almost cried my eyes out when you gave me warning. It would be very ungrateful in me, to desire to leave your ladyship; because as why, I should never get so good a place again. I am sure I would live and die with your ladyship—for, as poor Mr. Jones said, happy is the man——’

Here the dinner-bell interrupted a conversation which had wrought such an effect on Sophia, that she was, perhaps, more obliged to her bleeding in the morning, than she, at the time, had apprehended she should be. As to the present situation of her mind, I shall adhere to a rule of Horace, by not attempting to describe it from despair of success. Most of my readers will suggest it easily to themselves; and the few who cannot, would not understand the picture, or at least would deny it to be natural, if ever so well drawn.

BOOK V.

Containing a portion of time, somewhat longer than half a year.

CHAP. I.

Of THE SERIOUS in writing; and for what purpose it is introduced.

PERadventure there may be no parts in this prodigious work which will give the reader less pleasure in the perusing, than those which have given the author the greatest pains in composing. Among these, probably, may be reckoned those initial essays which we have prefixed to the historical matter contained in every book; and which we have determined to be essentially necessary to this kind of writing, of which we have set ourselves at the head.

For this our determination we do not hold ourselves strictly bound to assign any reason; it being abundantly sufficient that we have laid it down as a rule necessary to be observed in all prosai-comi-epic writing. Who ever demanded the reasons of that nice unity of time or place which is now established to be so essential to dramatic poetry? What critic hath been ever asked, Why a play may not contain two days as well as one? Or why the audience (provided they travel, like electors, without any expence) may not be wasted fifty miles as well as five? Hath any commentator well accounted for the limitation which an antient critic hath set to the drama, which he will have contain neither more nor less than five acts? Or hath any one living attempted to explain, what the modern judges of our theatres mean by that word *few*; by which they have happily succeeded in banish-

banishing all humour from the stage, and have made the theatre as dull as a drawing-room? Upon all these occasions, the world seems to have embraced a maxim of our law, viz. *Cuicunque in arte sua perito credendum est*: for it seems, perhaps, difficult to conceive that any one should have had enough of impudence, to lay down dogmatical rules in any art or science without the least foundation. In such cases, therefore, we are apt to conclude, there are sound and good reasons at the bottem, though we are unfortunately not able to see so far.

Now, in reality, the world have paid too great a compliment to critics, and have imagined them men of much greater profundity than they really are. From this complaisance, the critics have been emboldened to assume a dictatorial power, and have so far succeeded, that they are now become the masters, and have the assurance to give laws to those authors, from whose predecessors they originally received them.

The critic, rightly considered, is no more than the clerk, whose office it is to transcribe the rules and laws laid down by those great Judges, whose vast strength of genius hath placed them in the light of legislators, in the several sciences over which they presided. This office was all which the critics of old aspired to, nor did they ever dare to advance a sentence, without supporting it by the authority of the judge from whence it was borrowed.

But in process of time, and in ages of ignorance, the clerk began to invade the power, and assume the dignity of his master. The laws of writing were no longer founded on the practice of the author, but on the dictates of the critic. The clerk became the Legislator, and those very peremptorily gave laws, whose business it was, at first only to transcribe them.

Hence arose an obviuous, and perhaps an unavoidable error; for these critics being men of shallow
capa-

capacities, very easily mistook mere form for substance. They acted as a judge would, who should adhere to the lifeless letter of law, and reject the spirit. Little circumstances which were perhaps accidental in a great author, were, by these critics, considered to constitute his chief merit, and transmitted as essentials to be observed by all his successors. To these encroachments, time and ignorance, the two great supporters of imposture, gave authority; and thus many rules for good writing have been established, which have not the least foundation in truth or nature; and which commonly serve for no other purpose than to curb and restrain genius, in the same manner, as it would have restrained the dancing master, had the many excellent treatises on that art laid it down as an essential rule, that every man must dance in chains.

To avoid therefore all imputation of laying down a rule for posterity, founded only on the authority of *ipse dixit*; for which, to say the truth, we have not the profoundest veneration; we shall here waive the privilege above contended for, and proceed to lay before the reader the reasons which have induced us to intersperse these several digressive essays, in the course of this work.

And here we shall of necessity be led to open a new vein of knowledge, which if it hath been discovered, hath not, to our remembrance, been wrought on by any antient or modern writer. This vein is no other than that of contrast, which runs through all the works of the creation, and may probably have a large share in constituting in us the idea of all beauty, as well natural as artificial: for what demonstrates the beauty and excellence of any thing, but its reverse? Thus the beauty of day, and that of summer, is set off by the horrors of night and winter. And, I believe, if it was possible for a man to have seen only the two former, he would have a very imperfect idea of their beauty.

But

But to avoid too serious an air: Can it be doubted, but that the finest woman in the world would lose all benefit of her charms in the eye of a man who had never seen one of another cast? The ladies themselves seem so sensible of this, that they are all industrious to procure foils; nay they will become foils to themselves: for I have observed (at Bath particularly) that they endeavour to appear as ugly as possible in the morning, in order to set off that beauty which they intend to shew you in the evening.

Most artists have this secret in practice, tho' some perhaps have not much studied the theory. The jeweller knows that the finest brilliant requires a foil; and the painter, by the contrast of his figures, often acquires great applause.

A great genius among us will illustrate this matter fully. I cannot indeed range him under any general head of common artists, as he hath a title to be placed among those

Inventas qui vitam excoluere per artes;

Who by invented arts have life improved.

I mean here the inventor of that most exquisite entertainment, called the English Pantomime.

This entertainment consisted of two parts, which the inventor distinguished by the names of the Serious and the Comic. The Serious exhibited a certain number of heathen gods and heroes, who were certainly the worst and dullest company into which an audience was ever introduced; and (which was a secret known to few) were actually intended so to be, in order to contrast the comic part of the entertainment, and to display the tricks of harlequin to the better advantage.

This was perhaps no very civil use of such personages; but the contrivance was nevertheless ingenious

nious enough, and had its effect. And this will now plainly appear, if instead of Serious and Comic, we supply the words Duller and Dullest: for the Comic was certainly duller than any thing before shewn on the stage, and could only be set off by that superlative degree of dullness, which composed the serious. So intolerably serious indeed were these gods and heroes, that harlequin (though the English gentleman of that name is not at all related to the French family, for he is of a much more serious disposition) was always welcome on the stage, as he relieved the audience from worse company.

Judicious writers have always practised this art of contrast with great success. I have been surpris'd that Horace should cavil at this art in Homer; but indeed he contradicts himself in the very next line.

'Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus,

'Verum operi longo fas est obrepere somnum.'

'I grieve if e'er great Homer chance to sleep,

'Yet slumbers on long works have right to creep.'

For we are not here to understand, as, perhaps, some have, that an author actually falls asleep while he is writing. It is true that readers are too apt to be so overtaken; but if the work was as long as any of Oldmixon, the author himself is too well entertained to be subject to the least drowsiness. He is, as Mr. Pope observes,

'Sleepless himself, to give his readers sleep.'

To say the truth, these soporific parts are so many scenes of *serious* artfully interwoven, in order to contrast and set off the rest; and this is the true meaning of a late facetious writer, who told the public, that whenever he was dull, they might be assured there was a design in it.

In this light then, or rather in this darkness, I would have the reader to consider these initial essays, And after this warning, if he shall be of opinion, that he can find enough of serious in other parts of this history, he may pass over these, in which we profess to be laboriously dull, and begin the following books at the second chapter.

C H A P. II.

In which Mr. Jones receives many friendly visits during his confinement; with some fine touches of the passion of love, scarce visible to the naked eye,

TOM Jones had many visitors during his confinement, though some, perhaps, were not very agreeable to him. Mr. Allworthy saw him almost every day; but though he pitied Tom's sufferings, and greatly approved the gallant behaviour which had occasioned them, yet he thought this a favourable opportunity to bring him to a sober sense of his indiscreet conduct; and that wholesome advice for that purpose could never be applied at a more proper season than at the present; when the mind was softened by pain and sickness, and alarmed by danger; and when its attention was unembarrassed with those turbulent passions, which engage us in the pursuit of pleasure.

At all seasons, therefore, when the good man was alone with the youth, especially when the latter was totally at ease, he took occasion to mind him of his former miscarriages, but in the mildest and tenderest manner, and only in order to introduce the caution, which he prescribed for his future behaviour; on which alone, he assured him, would depend his own felicity, and the kindness which he might yet promise himself to receive at the hands of his father by adoption, unless he should hereafter forfeit his good

good opinion: for as to what had past, he said, it should be all forgiven and forgotten. He therefore advised him to make a good use of this accident, that so in the end it might prove a visitation for his own good.

Thwackum was likewise pretty assiduous in his visits; and he too considered a sick-bed to be a convenient scene for lectures. His stile, however, was more severe than Mr. Allworthy's: he told his pupil, that he ought to look on his broken limbs as a judgment from heaven on his sins; that it would become him to be daisy on his knees, pouring forth thanksgivings that he had broken his arm only, and not his neck; which latter, he said, was very probably reserved for some future occasion, and that, perhaps, not very remote. For his part, he said, he had often wondered some judgment had not overtaken him before; but it might be perceived by this, that divine punishments, though slow, are always sure. Hence likewise he advised him, to foresee, with equal certainty, the greater evils which were yet behind, and which were as sure as this, of overtaking him in his state of reprobacy. These are, said he, to be averted only by such a thorough and sincere repentance, as is not to be expected or hoped for, from one so abandoned in his youth, and whose mind, I am afraid, is totally corrupted. It is my duty, however, to exhort you to this repentance, though I too well know all exhortations will be vain and fruitless. But *liberavi animam meam*. I can accuse my own conscience of no neglect; though it is, at the same time, with the utmost concern, I see you travelling on to certain misery in this world, and to as certain damnation in the next.

Square talked in a very different strain: he said, such accidents as a broken bone were below the consideration of a wise man; that it was abundantly sufficient to reconcile the mind to any of these

these mischances, to reflect that they are liable to befall the wisest of mankind, and are undoubtedly for the good of the whole.' He said, 'it was a mere abuse of words, to call those things evils, in which there was no moral unfitness: that pain, which was the worst consequence of such accidents, was the most contemptible thing in the world;' with more of the like sentences, extracted out of the second book of Tully's Tusculan Questions, and from the great Lord Shaftesbury. In pronouncing these, he was one day so eager, that he unfortunately bit his tongue; and in such a manner, that it not only put an end to his discourse, but created much emotion in him, and caused him to mutter an oath or two: but what was worst of all, this accident gave Thwackum, who was present, and who held all such doctrine to be heathenish and atheistical, an opportunity to clap a judgment on his back. Now this was done with so malicious a sneer, that it totally unhinged (if I may so say) the temper of the philosopher, which the bite of his tongue had somewhat ruffled; and as he was disabled from venting his wrath at his lips, he had possibly found a more violent method of revenging himself, had not the surgeon, who was then luckily in the room, contrary to his own interest, interposed and preserved the peace.

Mr. Blifil visited his friend Jones but seldom, and never alone. This worthy young man, however, professed much regard for him, and as great concern at his misfortune; but cautiously avoided any intimacy, lest, as he frequently hinted, it might contaminate the sobriety of his own character: for which purpose he had constantly in his mouth that proverb in which Solomon speaks against evil communication. Not that he was so bitter as Thwackum; for he always expressed some hopes of Tom's reformation; 'which,' he said, 'the unparalleled goodness shewn by his uncle on this occasion, must certainly effect,

‘ effect, in one not absolutely abandoned ;’ but concluded, ‘ If Mr. Jones ever offends hereafter, I shall not be able to say a syllable in his favour.’

As to Squire Western, he was seldom out of the sick room ; unless when he was engaged either in the field or over his bottle, Nay, he would sometimes retire hither to take his beer, and it was not without difficulty that he was prevented from forcing Jones to take his beer too ! for no quack ever held his nostrum to be a more general panacea, than he did this ; which, he said, had more virtues in it than was in all the physic in an apothecary’s shop. He was, however, by much entreaty, prevailed on to forbear the application of this medicine ; but from serenading his patient every hunting-morning with the horn under his window, it was impossible to withhold him ; nor did he ever lay aside that hallow, with which he entered into all companies, when he visited Jones, without any regard to the sick person’s being at that time either awake or asleep.

This boisterous behaviour, as it meant no harm, so happily it effected none, and was abundantly compensated to Jones, as soon as he was able to sit up, by the company of Sophia, whom the Squire then brought to visit him ; nor was it, indeed, long before Jones was able to attend her to the harpsichord, where she would kindly condescend, for hours together, to charm him with the most delicious music, unless when the Squire thought proper to interrupt her, by insisting on Old Sir Simon, or some other of his favourite pieces.

Notwithstanding the nicest guard which Sophia endeavoured to set on her behaviour, she could not avoid letting some appearances now and then slip forth : for love may again be likened to a disease in this, that when it is denied a vent in one part, it will certainly break out in another. What her lips therefore concealed, her eyes, her blushes, and many little involuntary actions betrayed.

One day when Sophia was playing on the harpsichord, and Jones was attending, the Squire came into the room, crying, 'There, Tom, I have had a battle for thee below stairs with thick parson Thwackum. —He hath been telling Allworthy, before my face, that the broken bone was a judgment upon thee. D—n it, says I, how can that be? Did not he come by it in defence of a young woman? A judgment indeed! Pox, if he never doth any thing worse, he will go to heaven sooner than all the parsons in the country. He hath more reason to glory in it, than to be ashamed of it.' 'Indeed, Sir,' says Jones, 'I have no reason for either; but if it preserved Miss Western, I shall always think it the happiest accident of my life.'—'And to gu,' said the Squire, 'to zet Allworthy against thee vor it.—D—n un, if the parson had unt had his petticoats on, I should ha lent un a flick; for I love thee dearly, my boy, and d—n me if there is any thing in my power which I won't do for thee. Sha't take thy choice of all the horses in my stable to-morrow morning, except only the Chevalier and Miss Slouch.' Jones thanked him, but declined accepting the offer.—'Nay,' added the Squire, 'that ha the sortel mare that Sophy rode. She cost me fifty guineas, and comes six years old this grass.' 'If she had cost me a thousand,' cries Jones passionately, 'I would have given her to the dogs.' 'Pooh! pooh!' answered Western, 'What because she broke thy arm? Shouldst forget and forgive. I thought hadst been more a man than to bear malice against a dumb creature.'—Here Sophia interposed, and put an end to the conversation, by desiring her father's leave to play to him; a request which he never refused.

The countenance of Sophia had undergone more than one change during the foregoing speeches; and probably she imputed the passionate resentment, which Jones had expressed against the mare, to a different

different motive from that from which her father had derived it. Her spirits were at this time in a visible flutter; and she played so intolerably ill, that had not Western soon fallen asleep, he must have remarked it. Jones, however, who was sufficiently awake, and was not without an ear, any more than without eyes; made some observations; which being joined to all which the reader may remember to have passed formerly, gave him pretty strong assurances, when he came to reflect on the whole, that all was not well in the tender bosom of Sophia. An opinion which many young gentlemen will, I doubt not, extremely wonder at his not having been well confirmed in long ago. To confess the truth, he had rather too much diffidence in himself, and was not forward enough in seeing the advances of a young lady; a misfortune which can only be cured by that early town-education, which is at present so generally in fashion.

When these thoughts had fully taken possession of Jones, they occasioned a perturbation in his mind, which, in a constitution less pure and firm than his, might have been, at such a season, attended with very dangerous consequences. He was truly sensible of the great worth of Sophia. He extremely liked her person, no less admired her accomplishments, and tenderly loved her goodness. In reality, as he had never once entertained any thought of possessing her, nor had ever given the least voluntary indulgence to his inclinations, he had a much stronger passion for her than he himself was acquainted with. His heart now brought forth the full secret, at the same time that it assured him the adorable object returned his affection.

C H A P. III.

*Which all who have no heart, will think to contain much
ado about nothing.*

THE reader will perhaps imagine, the sensations which now arose in Jones to have been so sweet and delicious, that they would rather tend to produce a chearful serenity in the mind, than any of those dangerous effects which we have mentioned; but, in fact, sensations of this kind, however delicious, are, at their first recognition, of a very tumultuous nature, and have very little of the opiate in them. They were, moreover, in the present case, embittered with certain circumstances, which being mixed with sweeter ingredients, tended altogether to compose a draught that might be termed *bitter-sweet*; than which, as nothing can be more disagreeable to the palate, so nothing, in the metaphorical sense, can be so injurious to the mind.

For first, though he had sufficient foundation to flatter himself on what he had observed in Sophia, he was not yet free from doubt of misconstruing compassion, or, at best, esteem, into a warmer regard. He was far from a sanguine assurance that Sophia had any such affection towards him, as might promise his inclinations that harvest, which, if they were encouraged and nursed, they would finally grow up to require. Besides, if he could hope to find no bar to his happiness from the daughter, he thought himself certain of meeting an effectual bar in the father; who, though he was a country Squire in his diversions, was perfectly a man of the world in whatever regarded his fortune; had the most violent affection for his only daughter, and had often signified, in his cups, the pleasure he proposed in seeing her married to one of the richest men in the county. Jones was not so vain and senseless a coxcomb as to expect,

from any regard which Western had professed for him, that he would ever be induced to lay aside these views of advancing his daughter. He well knew, that fortune is generally the principal, if not the sole consideration, which operates on the best of parents in these matters: for friendship make us warmly espouse the interest of others, but is very cold to the gratification of their passions. Indeed, to feel the happiness which may result from this, it is necessary we should possess the passion ourselves. As he had therefore no hopes of obtaining her father's consent, so he thought to endeavour to succeed, without it; and by such means to frustrate the great point of Mr. Western's life, was to make a very ill use of his hospitality, and a very ungrateful return to the many little favours received (however roughly) at his hands. If he saw such a consequence with horror and disdain, how much more was he shocked with what regarded Mr. Allworthy! to whom, as he had more than filial obligations, so had he for him more than filial piety. He knew the nature of that good man to be so averse to any baseness or treachery, that the least attempt of such a kind would make the guilty person for ever odious to his eyes, and the name of that person a detestable sound in his ears. The appearance of such unsurmountable difficulties was sufficient to have inspired him with despair, however ardent his wishes had been; but even these were controlled by compassion for another woman. The idea of lovely Molly now intruded itself before him. He had sworn eternal constancy in her arms, and she had as often vowed never to outlive his deserting her. He now saw her in all the most shocking postures of death; nay, he considered all the miseries of prostitution to which she would be liable, and of which he would be doubly the occasion; first by seducing, and then by deserting her: for he well knew the hatred which all her neighbours, and even her own sisters, bore her, and

and how ready they would all be to tear her to pieces. Indeed he had exposed her to more envy than shame, or rather to the latter by means of the former: for many women abused her for being a whore, while they envied her her lover and her finery, and would have been themselves glad to have purchased these at the same rate. The ruin, therefore, of the poor girl must, he foresaw, unavoidably attend his deserting her; and this thought stung him to the soul. Poverty and distress seemed to him to give none a right of aggravating those misfortunes. The meanness of her condition did not represent her misery as of little consequence in his eyes, nor did it appear to justify, or even to palliate, his guilt, in bringing that misery upon her. But why do I mention justification? His own heart would not suffer him to destroy a human creature, who, he thought, loved him, and had to that love sacrificed her innocence. His own good heart pleaded her cause; not as a cold venal advocate; but as one interested in the event, and which must itself deeply share in all the agonies its owner brought on another.

When this cunning advocate had sufficiently raised the pity of Jones, by painting poor Molly in all the circumstances of wretchedness; it artfully called in the assistance of another passion, and represented the girl in all the amiable colours of youth, health, and beauty; as one greatly the object of desire, and much the more so, at least to a good mind, from being, at the same time, the object of compassion.

Amidst these thoughts, poor Jones passed a long sleepless night, and in the morning the result of the whole was to abide by Molly, and to think no more of Sophia.

In this virtuous resolution he continued all the next day till the evening, cherishing the idea of Molly, and driving Sophia from his thoughts; but in the fatal evening, a very trifling accident set all his pas-

sions again on float, and worked so total a change in his mind, that we think it decent to communicate it in a fresh chapter.

C H A P. IV.

A little chapter, in which is contained a little incident.

AMONG other visitants, who paid their compliments to the young gentleman in his confinement, Mrs. Honour was one. The reader, perhaps, when he reflects on some expressions which have formerly dropt from her, may conceive that she herself had a very particular affection for Mr. Jones; but, in reality, it was no such thing. Tom was a handsome young fellow; and for that species of men Mrs. Honour had some regard, but this was perfectly indiscriminate: for having been crossed in the love which she bore a certain nobleman's footman, who had basely deserted her after a promise of marriage, she had so securely kept together the broken remains of her heart, that no man had ever since been able to possess himself of any single fragment. She viewed all handsome men with that equal regard and benevolence, which a sober and virtuous mind bears to all the good.—She might, indeed, be called a lover of men, as Socrates was a lover of mankind, preferred one to another for corporeal, as he for mental qualifications; but never carrying this preference so far as to cause any perturbation in the philosophical serenity of her temper.

The day after Mr. Jones had had that conflict with himself, which we have seen in the preceding chapter, Mrs. Honour came into his room, and finding him alone, began in the following manner: ‘La, Sir, where do you think I have been? I warrants you, you would not guess in fifty years; but if you did guess, to be sure, I must not tell you neither.’—
‘Nay,

' Nay, if it be something which you must not tell
 me,' says Jones, ' I shall have the curiosity to en-
 quire, and I know you will not be so barbarous as
 to refuse me.'—' I don't know,' cries she, ' why
 I should refuse you neither, for that matter; for
 to be sure you won't mention it any more. And
 for that matter, if you knew where I had been,
 unless you knew what I had been about, it would
 not signify much. Nay, I don't see why it should
 be kept a secret, for my part; for to be sure she is
 the best lady in the world.' Upon this, Jones be-
 gan to beg earnestly to be let into this secret, and
 faithfully promised not to divulge it. She then pro-
 ceeded thus: ' Why, you must know, Sir, my young
 lady sent me to enquire after Molly Seagrim,
 and to see whether the wench wanted any thing:
 to be sure, I did not care to go, methinks; but
 servants must do what they are ordered.—How
 could you undervalue yourself so, Mr. Jones?—
 So my lady bid me go and carry her some linen,
 and other things.—She is too good. If such for-
 ward fluts were sent to Bridewell, it would be better
 for them. I told my lady, says I, Madam, your
 La'ship is encouraging idleness.—' And was
 my Sophia so good?' says Jones.—' My Sophia!
 I assure you, marry come up,' answered Honour.
 And yet if you knew all—Indeed, if I was as
 Mr. Jones, I should look a little higher than such
 trumpery as Molly Seagrim.—' What do you mean
 by these words,' replied Jones, ' If I knew all?'—
 ' I mean what I mean,' says Honour. ' Don't you
 remember putting your hands in my lady's muff
 once? I vow I could almost find in my heart to
 tell, if I was certain my lady would never come to
 the hearing on't.'—Jones then made several solemn
 protestations. And Honour proceeded,—' Then,
 to be sure, my Lady gave me that muff; and after-
 wards, upon hearing what you had done'—' Then
 you told her what I had done?' interrupted Jones.

‘If I did, Sir,’ answered she, ‘you need not be angry with me. Many’s the man would have given his head to have had my lady told, if they had known——for, to be sure, the biggest lord in the land might be proud——but, I protest, I have a great mind not to tell you.’ Jones fell to entreaties, and soon prevailed on her to go on thus: ‘You must know then, Sir, that my lady had given this muff to me; but about a day or two after I had told her the story, she quarrels with her new muff, and to be sure it is the prettiest that ever was seen. “Honour,” says she, “this is an odious muff; it is too big for me,——I can’t wear it——till I can get another, you must let me have my old one again, and you may have this in the room on’t”——for she’s a good lady, and scorns to give a thing and take a thing, I promise you that. So to be sure I fetched it her back again, and I believe, she hath worn it upon her arm almost ever since, and I warrants hath given it many a kiss when nobody hath seen her.’

Here the conversation was interrupted by Mr. Western himself, who came to summon Jones to the harpsichord; whither the poor young fellow went all pale and trembling. This Western observed, but on seeing Mrs. Honour, imputed it to a wrong cause; and having given Jones a hearty curse between jest and earnest, he bid him beat abroad, and not poach up the game in his warren.

Sophia looked this evening with more than usual beauty, and we may believe it was no small addition to her charm in the eyes of Mr. Jones, that she now happened to have on her right arm this very muff.

She was playing one of her father’s favourite tunes, and he was leaning on her chair, when the muff fell over her fingers, and put her out. This so disconcerted the Squire, that he snatched the muff from her, and with a hearty curse threw it into the fire.

fire. Sophia instantly started up, and with the utmost eagerness recovered it from the flames.

Though this incident will probably appear of little consequence to many of our readers; yet, trifling as it was, it had so violent an effect on poor Jones, that we thought it our duty to relate it. In reality, there are many little circumstances too often omitted by injudicious historians, from which events of the utmost importance arise. The world may indeed be considered as a vast machine, in which the wheels are originally set in motion by those which are very minute, and almost imperceptible to any but the strongest eyes.

Thus, not all the charms of the incomparable Sophia; not all the dazzling brightneſs, and languishing softneſs of her eyes; the harmony of her voice, and of her person; not all her wit, good-humour, greatness of mind, or sweetness of disposition, had been able so absolutely to conquer and enslave the heart of poor Jones, as this little incident of the muff. Thus the poet sweetly sings of Troy :

—Captique dolis lachrymisque coacti
Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissæus Achilles,
Non anni domuere decem, non mille Carinæ.

What Diomedes, or Thetis' greater son,
A thousand ships, nor ten years siege had done
False tears, and fawning words, the city won.

DRYDEN.

The citadel of Jones was now taken by surprize. All those considerations of honour and prudence, which our hero had lately with so much military wisdom placed as guards over the avenues of his heart, ran away from their posts, and the god of love marched in in triumph.

C H A P. V.

A very long chapter, containing a very great incident.

BUT though this victorious deity easily expelled his avowed enemies from the heart of Jones, he found it more difficult to supplant the garrison which he himself had placed there. To lay aside all allegory, the concern for what must become of poor Molly, greatly disturbed and perplexed the mind of the worthy youth. The superior merit of Sophia totally eclipsed, or rather extinguished, all the beauties of the poor girl; but compassion instead of contempt succeeded to love. He was convinced the girl had placed all her affections, and all her prospect of future happiness, in him only. For this he had, he knew, given sufficient occasion, by the utmost profusion of tenderness towards her; a tenderness which he had taken every means to persuade her he would always maintain. She, on her side had assured him of her firm belief in his promise, and had with the most solemn vows declared, that on his fulfilling or breaking these promises, it depended, whether she should be the happiest, or the most miserable of womankind. And to be the author of this highest degree of misery to a human being, was a thought on which he could not bear to ruminare a single moment. He considered this poor girl as having sacrificed to him every thing in her little power; as having been at her own expence the object of his pleasure; as sighing and languishing for him even at that very instant. Shall then, says he, my recovery, for which she hath so ardently wished; shall my presence which she hath so eagerly expected, instead of giving her that joy with which she hath flattered herself, cast her at once down into misery and despair? Can I be such a villain? Here, when the genius of poor Molly

Molly seemed triumphant, the love of Sophia towards him, which now appeared no longer dubious, rushed upon his mind, and bore away every obstacle before it.

At length it occurred to him, that he might possibly be able to make Molly amends another way: namely, by giving her a sum of money. This, nevertheless, he almost despaired of her accepting, when he recollected the frequent and vehement assurances he had received from her, that the world put in balance with him, would make her no amends for his losses. However, her extreme poverty, and chiefly her egregious vanity (somewhat of which hath been already hinted to the reader) gave him some little hope, that notwithstanding all her avowed tenderness, she might in time be brought to content herself with a fortune superior to her expectation, and which might indulge her vanity, by setting her above all her equals. He resolved therefore, to take the first opportunity of making a proposal of this kind.

One day accordingly, when his arm was so well recovered, that he could walk easily with it slung in a sash, he stole forth, at a season when the Squire was engaged in his field-exercises, and visited his fair one. Her mother and sisters, whom he found taking their tea, informed him first that Molly was not at home; but afterwards the elder sister acquainted him, with a malicious smile, that she was above stairs abed. Tom had no objection to this situation of his mistress, and immediately ascended the ladder which led towards her bed-chamber: but when he came to the top, he, to his great surprise, found the door fast; nor could he for some time obtain any answer from within: for Molly, as she herself afterwards informed him, was fast asleep.

The extremes of grief and joy have been remarked to produce very similar effects; and when either of these rushes on us by surprise, it is apt to create such a total perturbation and confusion, that we are often

thereby deprived of the use of all our faculties. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the unexpected sight of Mr. Jones, should so strongly operate on the mind of Molly, and should overwhelm her with such confusion, that for some minutes she was unable to express the great raptures, with which the reader will suppose she was affected on this occasion. As for Jones, he was so entirely possessed, and as it were enchanted by the presence of his beloved object, that he for a while forgot Sophia, and consequently the principal purpose of his visit.

This, however, soon returned to his memory; and after the first transports of their meeting were over, he found means by degrees to introduce a discourse on the fatal consequences which must attend their amour, if Mr. Allworthy, who had strictly forbidden him ever seeing her more, should discover that he still carried on this commerce. Such a discovery, which his enemies gave him reason to think would be unavoidable, must, he said, end in his ruin, and consequently in hers. Since, therefore, their hard fates had determined that they must separate, he advised her to bear it with resolution, and swore he would never omit any opportunity, through the course of his life, of shewing her the sincerity of his affection, by providing for her in a manner beyond her utmost expectation, or even beyond her wishes, if ever that should be in his power; concluding at last, that she might soon find some man who would marry her, and who would make her much happier than she could be by leading a disreputable life with him.

Molly remained a few moments in silence, and then bursting into a flood of tears, she began to upbraid him in the following words: And this is your love for me to forsake me in this manner, now you have ruined me? How often, when I have told you that all men are false and perjury alike, and grow tired of us as soon as ever they have

' have had their wicked wills of us, how often have
' you sworn you would never forsake me? And
' can you be such a perjury man after all? What
' signifies all the riches in the world to me without
' you, now you have gained my heart? So you
' have—you have.—Why do you mention another
' man to me? I can never love any other man as long
' as I live. All other men are nothing to me. If
' the greatest Squire in all the country would come a
' suiting to me to-morrow, I would not give my
' company to him. No, I shall always hate and
' despise the whole sex for your sake'——

She was proceeding thus, when an accident put a stop to her tongue, before it had run out half its career. The room, or rather garret, in which Molly lay, being up one pair of stairs, that is to say, at the top of the house, was of a sloping figure, resembling the great Delta of the Greeks. The English reader may, perhaps, form a better idea of it, by being told, that it was impossible to stand upright anywhere but in the middle. Now, as this room wanted the conveniency of a closet, Molly had, to supply that defect, nailed up an old rug against the rafters of the house, which inclosed a little hole where her best apparel, such as the remains of that sack which we have formerly mentioned, some caps, and other things with which she had lately provided herself, were hung up and secured from the dust.

This inclosed place exactly fronted the foot of the bed, to which, indeed, the rug hung so near, that it served, in a manner, to supply the want of curtains. Now, whether Molly, in the agonies of her rage, pushed this rug with her feet; or Jones might touch it; or whether the pin or nail gave way of its own accord, I am not certain; but as Molly pronounced these last words, which are recorded above, the wicked rug got loose from its fastening, and discovered every thing hid behind it; where, among other female utensils, appeared——(with shame I

write it, and with sorrow will it be read)——the philosopher Square, in a posture (for the place would not near admit his standing upright) as ridiculous as can possibly be conceived.

The posture, indeed, in which he stood, was not greatly unlike that of a foldier, who is tied neck and heels; or rather resembling the attitude in which we often see fellows in the public streets of London, who are not suffering but deserving punishment by so standing. He had a night-cap belonging to Molly on his head, and his two large eyes, the moment the rug fell, stared directly at Jones; so that when the idea of philosophy was added to the figure now discovered, it would have been very difficult for any spectator to have refrained from immoderate laughter.

I question not but the surprize of the reader will be here equal to that of Jones; as the suspicions which must arise from the appearance of this wise and grave man in such a place, may seem so inconsistent with that character, which he hath, doubtless, maintained hitherto, in the opinion of every one.

But to confess the truth, this inconsistency is rather imaginary than real. Philosophers are composed of flesh and blood as well as other human creatures; and however sublimated and refined the theory of these may be, a little practical frailty is as incident to them as to other mortals. It is indeed, in theory only, and not in practice, as we have before hinted, that consists the difference: for though such great beings think much better and more wisely, they always act exactly like other men. They know very well how to subdue all appetites and passions, and to despise both pain and pleasure; and this knowledge affords much delightful contemplation, and is easily acquired: but the practice would be vexatious and troublesome; and, therefore, the same wisdom which teaches them to know this, teaches them to avoid carrying it into execution.

Mr.

Mr. Square happened to be at church on that Sunday, when, as the reader may be pleased to remember, the appearance of Molly in her sack had caused all that disturbance. Here he first observed her, and was so pleased with her beauty, that he prevailed with the young gentleman to change their intended ride that evening, that he might pass by the habitation of Molly, and, by that means, might obtain a second chance of seeing her. This reason, however, as he did not at that time mention to any, so neither did we think proper to communicate it then to the reader.

Among other particulars which constituted the unfitness of things in Mr. Square's opinion, danger and difficulty were two. The difficulty, therefore, which he apprehended there might be in corrupting the young wench, and the danger which would accrue to his character on the discovery, were such strong dissuatives, that it is probable, he at first intended to have contented himself with the pleasing ideas which the sight of beauty furnishes us with. These the gravest men, after a full meal of serious meditation, often allow themselves by way of desert: for which purpose, certain books and pictures find their way into the most private recesses of their study, and a certain liquorish part of natural philosophy is often the principal subject of their conversation.

But when the philosopher heard a day or two afterwards, that the fortress of Virtue had already been subdued, he began to give a larger scope to his desires. His appetite was not of that squeamish kind, which cannot feed on a dainty because another hath tasted it. In short, he liked the girl the better for the want of that chastity, which, if she had possessed it, must have been a bar to his pleasures; he pursued, and obtained her.

The reader will be mistaken, if he thinks Molly gave Square the preference to her younger lover: on
the

the contrary, had she been confined to the choice of one only, Tom Jones would undoubtedly have been, of the two, the victorious person. Nor was it solely the consideration, that two are better than one, (though this had its proper weight) to which Mr. Square owed his success: the absence of Jones during his confinement was an unlucky circumstance; and in that interval, some well-chosen presents from the philosopher so softened and unguarded the girl's heart, that a favourable opportunity became irresistible, and Square triumphed over the poor remains of virtue which subsisted in the bosom of Molly.

It was now about a fortnight since the conquest, when Jones paid the above-mentioned visit to his mistress, at a time when she and Square were in bed together. This was the true reason why the mother denied her as we have seen; for as the old woman shared in the profits arising from the iniquity of her daughter, she encouraged and protected her in it to the utmost of her power: but such was the envy and hatred which the eldest sister bore towards Molly, that, notwithstanding she had some part of the booty, she would willingly have parted with this to ruin her sister, and spoil her trade. Hence she had acquainted Jones with her being above stairs in bed, in hopes that he might have caught her in Square's arms. This, however, Molly found means to prevent, as the door was fastened; which gave her an opportunity of conveying her lover behind that rug or blanket where he now was unhappily discovered.

Square no sooner made his appearance, than Molly flung herself back in her bed, cried out she was undone, and abandoned herself to despair. This poor girl, who was yet but a novice in her business, had not arrived to that perfection of assurance which helps off a town lady in any extremity; and either prompts her with an excuse, or else inspires her to brazen out the matter with her husband; who from love of quiet, or out of fear of his reputation, and some-

sometimes, perhaps, from fear of the gallant, who, like Mr. Constant in the play, wears a sword, is glad to shut his eyes, and contented to put his horns in his pocket. Molly, on the contrary, was silenced by this evidence, and very fairly gave up a cause which she had hitherto, with so many tears, and with such solemn and vehement protestations of the purest love and constancy maintained.

As to the gentleman behind the arras, he was not in much less consternation. He stood for a while motionless, and seemed equally at a loss what to say, or whither to direct his eyes. Jones, though perhaps the most astonished of the three, first found his tongue; and being immediately recovered from those uneasy sensations, which Molly by her upbraidings had occasioned, he burst into a loud laughter, and then saluting Mr. Square, advanced to take him by the hand, and to relieve him from his place of confinement.

Square being now arrived in the middle of the room, in which part only he could stand upright, looked at Jones with a very grave countenance, and said to him; 'Well, Sir, I see you enjoy this mighty discovery, and, I dare swear, taste great delight in the thoughts of exposing me; but if you will consider the matter fairly, you will find you are yourself only to blame. I am not guilty of corrupting innocence. I have done nothing for which that part of the world which judges of matters by the rule of right, will condemn me. Fitness is governed by the nature of things, and not by customs, forms, or municipal laws. Nothing is, indeed, unfit which is not unnatural.' 'Well reasoned, old boy,' answered Jones; 'but why dost thou think that I should desire to expose thee? I promise thee, I was never better pleased with thee in my life; and unless thou hast a mind to discover it thyself, this affair may remain a profound secret for me.' 'Nay, Mr. Jones,' replied Square, 'I would

‘ would not be thought to undervalue reputation. Good fame is a species of the Kalon, and it is by no means fitting to neglect it. Besides, to murder one’s own reputation is a kind of suicide, a detestable and odious vice. If you think proper, therefore, to conceal any infirmity of mine; (for such I may have, since no man is perfectly perfect;) I promise you I will not betray myself. Things may be fitting to be done, which are not fitting to be boasted of: for by the perverse judgment of the world, that often becomes the subject of censure, which is, in truth, not only innocent but laudable.’ Right! cries Jones, what can be more innocent than the indulgence of a natural appetite? or what more laudable than the propagation of our species? To be serious with you,’ answered Square, ‘ I profess they always appeared so to me.’ ‘ And yet,’ said Jones, ‘ you was of a different opinion, when my affair with this girl was first discovered.’ ‘ Why, I must confess,’ says Square, ‘ as the matter was misrepresented to me by that parson Thwackum, I might condemn the corruption of innocence: It was that, Sir, it was that——and that—— for you must know, Mr. Jones, in the consideration of fitness, very minute circumstances, Sir, very minute circumstances cause great alteration.’ ‘ Well,’ cries Jones, ‘ be that as it will, it shall be your own fault, as I have promised you, if you ever hear any more of this adventure. Behave kindly to the girl, and I will never open my lips concerning the matter to any one. And, Molly, do you be faithful to your friend, and I will not only forgive your infidelity to me, but will do you all the service I can.’ So saying, he took a hasty leave, and slipping down the ladder, retired with much expedition.

Square was rejoiced to find this adventure was likely to have no worse conclusion; and as for Molly, being recovered from her confusion, she began at first

first to upbraid Square with having been the occasion of her loss of Jones : but that gentleman soon found the means of mitigating her anger, partly by caresses, and partly by a small nostrum from his purse, of wonderful and approved efficacy in purging off the ill humours of the mind, and in restoring it to a good temper.

She then poured forth a vast profusion of tenderness towards her new lover ; turned all she had said to Jones, and Jones himself, into ridicule, and vowed, though he once had had the possession of her person, that none but Square had ever been master of her heart.

CHAP. VI.

By comparing which with the former, the reader may possibly correct some abuse which he hath formerly been guilty of, in the application of the word LOVE.

THE infidelity of Molly, which Jones had now discovered, would perhaps have vindicated a much greater degree of resentment, than he expressed on the occasion ; and if he had abandoned her directly from that moment, very few, I believe, would have blamed him.

Certain however it is, that he saw her in the light of compassion ; and though his love to her was not of that kind which could give him any great uneasiness at her inconstancy, yet was he not a little shocked on reflecting that he had himself originally corrupted her innocence : for to this corruption he imputed all the vice, into which she appeared now so likely to plunge herself.

This consideration gave him no little uneasiness, till Betty, the eldest sister, was so kind some time afterwards entirely to cure him by a hint, that one Will Barnes, and not himself, had been the first seducer

ducer of Molly; and that the little child, which he had hitherto so certainly concluded to be his own, might very probably have an equal title at least, to claim Barnes for its father.

Jones eagerly pursued this scent when he had first received it; and in a very short time was sufficiently assured that the girl had told him truth, not only by the confession of the fellow, but at last by that of Molly herself.

This Will Barnes was a country gallant, and had acquired as many trophies of this kind as any ensign or attorney's clerk in the kingdom. He had indeed reduced several women to a state of utter profligacy, had broke the hearts of some, and had the honour of occasioning the violent death of one poor girl, who had either drowned herself, or rather what was more probable, had been drowned by him.

Among other of his conquests this fellow had triumphed over the heart of Betty Seagrim. He had made love to her long before Molly was grown to be a fit object of that pastime; but had afterwards deserted her and applied to her sister, with whom he had almost immediate success. Now Will had in reality the sole possession of Molly's affection, while Jones and Square were almost equally sacrifices to her interest and to her pride.

Hence had grown that implacable hatred which we have before seen raging in the mind of Betty; though we did not think it necessary to assign this cause sooner, as envy itself was alone adequate to all the effects we have mentioned.

Jones was become perfectly easy by possession of this secret with regard to Molly; but as to Sophia, he was far from being in a state of tranquillity; nay indeed he was under the most violent perturbation; his heart was now, if I may use the metaphor, entirely evacuated, and Sophia took absolute possession of it. He loved her with an unbounded passion, and plainly

plainly saw the tender sentiments she had for him; yet could not this assurance lessen his despair of obtaining the consent of her father, nor the horrors which attended his pursuit of her by any base or treacherous method.

The injury which he must thus do to Mr. Western, and the concern which would accrue to Mr. Allworthy, were circumstances that tormented him all day, and haunted him on his pillow at night. His life was a constant struggle between honour and inclination, which alternately triumphed over each other in his mind. He often resolved in the absence of Sophia, to leave her father's house, and to see her no more; and as often in her presence, forgot all those resolutions, and determined to pursue her, at the hazard of his life, and at the forfeiture of what was much dearer to him.

This conflict began soon to produce very strong and visible effects: for he lost all his usual sprightliness and gaiety of temper, and became not only melancholy when alone, but dejected and absent in company; nay, if ever he put on a forced mirth, to comply with Mr. Western's humour, the constraint appeared so plain, that he may seem to have been giving the strongest evidence of what he endeavoured to conceal by such ostentation.

It may, perhaps, be a question, whether the art which he used to conceal his passion, or the means which honest Nature employed to reveal it, betrayed him most: for while art made him more than ever reserved to Sophia, and forbid him to address any of his discourse to her; nay, to avoid meeting her eyes, with the utmost caution; Nature was no less busy in counterplotting him. Hence at the approach of the young lady, he grew pale; and if this was sudden, started. If his eyes accidentally met hers, the blood rushed into his cheeks, and his countenance became all over scarlet. If common civility ever obliged him to speak to her, as to drink her health

health at table, his tongue was sure to falter. If he touched her, his hand, nay his whole frame trembled. And if any discourse tended, however remotely, to raise the idea of love, an involuntary sigh seldom failed to steal from his bosom. Most of which accidents Nature was wonderfully industrious to throw daily in his way.

All these symptoms escaped the notice of the Squire, but not so of Sophia. She soon perceived these agitations of mind in Jones, and was at no loss to discover the cause; for indeed she recognized it in her own breast. And this recognition is, I suppose, that sympathy which hath been so often noted in lovers, and which will sufficiently account for her being so much quicker-sighted than her father.

But, to say the truth, there is a more simple and plain method of accounting for that prodigious superiority of penetration which we must observe in some men over the rest of the human species, and one which will not only serve in the case of lovers, but of all others. For whence is it that the knave is generally so quick-sighted to those symptoms and operations of knavery, which often dupe an honest man of a much better understanding? There surely is no general sympathy among knaves, nor have they, like free-masons, any common sign of communication. In reality, it is only because they have the same thing in their heads, and their thoughts are turned the same way. Thus, that Sophia saw, and that Western did not see the plain symptoms of love in Jones, can be no wonder, when we consider that the idea of love never entered into the head of the father, whereas the daughter, at present, thought of nothing else.

When Sophia was well satisfied of the violent passion which tormented poor Jones, and no less certain that she herself was its object, she had not the least difficulty in discovering the true cause of his present behaviour. This highly endeared him to her, and raised in her mind two of the best affections which

which any lover can wish to raise in a mistress. These were esteem and pity; for sure the most outrageously rigid among her sex will excuse her pitying a man, whom she saw miserable on her own account: nor can they blame her for esteeming one who visibly, from the most honourable motives, endeavoured to smother a flame in his own bosom, which, like the famous Spartan theft, was preying upon, and consuming his very vitals. Thus his backwardness, his shunning her, his coldness, and his silence, were the forwardest, the most diligent, the warmest, and most eloquent advocates; and wrought so violently on her sensible and tender heart, that she soon felt for him all those gentle sensations which are consistent with a virtuous and elevated female mind.—In short, all which esteem, gratitude, and pity, can inspire in such, towards an agreeable man—Indeed, all which the nicest delicacy can allow—in a word,—she was in love with him to distraction.

One day, this young couple accidentally met in the garden, at the end of two walks, which were both bounded by that canal in which Jones had formerly risked drowning to retrieve the little bird that Sophia had there lost.

This place had been of late much frequented by Sophia. Here she used to ruminate, with a mixture of pain and pleasure, on an incident, which, however trifling in itself, had possibly sown the first seeds of that affection which was now arrived to such maturity in her heart.

Here then this young couple met. They were almost close together before either of them knew any thing of the other's approach. A by-stander would have discovered sufficient marks of confusion in the countenance of each; but they felt too much themselves to make any observation. As soon as Jones had a little recovered his first surprize, he accosted the young lady with some of the ordinary forms of salutation, which she in the same manner returned, and

and their conversation began, as usual, on the delicious beauty of the morning. Hence they past to the beauty of the place, on which Jones launched forth very high encomiums. When they came to the tree whence he had formerly tumbled into the canal, Sophia could not help reminding him of that accident, and said, 'I fancy, Mr. Jones, you have some little shuddering when you see that water.' 'I assure you, Madam,' answered Jones, 'the concern you felt at the loss of your little bird, will always appear to me the highest circumstance in that adventure. Poor little Tommy, there is the branch he stood upon. How could the little wretch have the folly to fly from that state of happiness in which I had the honour to place him?—His fate was a just punishment for his ingratitude.'—'Upon my word, Mr. Jones,' said she, 'your gallantry very narrowly escaped as severe a fate. Sure, the remembrance must affect you.'—'Indeed, Madam,' answered he, 'if I have any reason to reflect with sorrow on it, it is, perhaps, that the water had not been a little deeper, by which I might have escaped many bitter heart-achs, that fortune seems to have in store for me.'—'Fie, Mr. Jones,' replied Sophia, 'I am sure you cannot be in earnest now. This affected contempt of life is only an excess of your complaisance to me. You would endeavour to lessen the obligation of having twice ventured it for my sake. Beware the third time.'—She spoke these last words with a smile and softness inexpressible. Jones answered with a sigh, 'He feared it was already too late for caution;'—and then looking tenderly and stedfastly on her, he cried, 'Oh! Miss Western,——Can you desire me to live? Can you wish me so ill?'—Sophia looking down on the ground, answered with some hesitation, 'Indeed, Mr. Jones, I do not wish you ill.'—'Oh! I know too well that heavenly temper,' cries Jones, 'that divine goodness which is beyond every other charm.'

‘charm.’ ‘Nay, now,’ answered she, ‘I understand you not.—I can stay no longer’—‘I—I would not be understood,’ cries he, ‘nay, I can’t be understood. I know not what I say. Meeting you here so unexpectedly—I have been unguarded—For heaven’s sake pardon me! If I have said any thing to offend you—I did not mean it—Indeed I would rather have died—nay, the very thought would kill me.’ ‘You surprize me,’ answered she.—‘How can you possibly think you have offended me?’ ‘Fear, Madam,’ says he, ‘easily runs into madness; and there is no degree of fear like that which I feel of offending you. How can I speak then? Nay, don’t look angrily at me; one frown will destroy me.—I mean nothing.—Blame my eyes, or blame those beauties—What am I saying? Pardon me if I have said too much. My heart overflowed. I have struggled with my love to the utmost, and have endeavoured to conceal a fever which preys on my vitals, and will I hope, soon make it impossible for me ever to offend you more.’

Mr. Jones now fell a trembling as if he had been shaken with the fit of an ague. Sophia, who was in a situation not very different from his, answered in these words; ‘Mr. Jones, I will not affect to misunderstand you; indeed, I understand you too well; but for heaven’s sake, if you have any affection for me, let me make the best of my way into the house, I wish I may be able to support myself thither.’

Jones, who was hardly able to support himself, offered her his arm, which she condescended to accept, but begged he would not mention a word more to her of this nature at present. He promised he would not, insisting only on her forgiveness of what love, without the leave of his will, had forced from him: this, she told him, he knew how to obtain, by his future behaviour; and thus this young pair

pair tottered and trembled along, the lover not once daring to squeeze the hand of his mistress, though it was locked in his.

Sophia immediately retired to her chamber, where Mrs. Honour and the hartshorn were summoned to her assistance. As to poor Jones, the only relief to his distempered mind was an unwelcome piece of news, which, as it opens a scene of a different nature from those in which the reader hath lately been conversant, will be communicated to him in the next chapter.

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END OF VOL. II. OF THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES.

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